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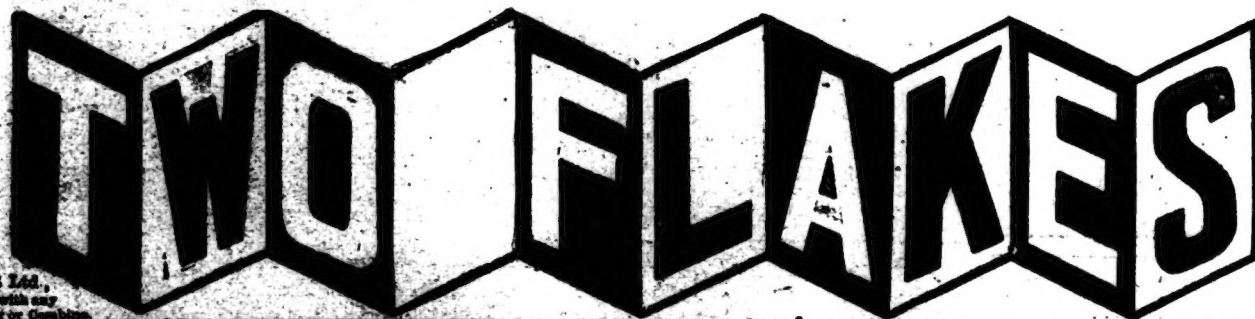
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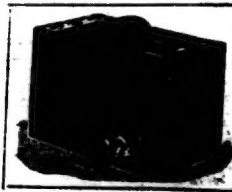
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TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

"THE MYSTERIES
OF
MODERN LONDON."
By
GEORGE R. SIMS.
STARTS THIS WEEK.

No. 771.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK STALLS.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 27, 1905.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS HALL.

ONE PENNY.

MY VILLAINIES.

And How and Why I Play Them.

By W. L. ABINGDON.

[MR. W. L. ABINGDON is the greatest "villain" of modern times. There is no crime he has not committed, and the tale of his murders must run into thousands. That, of course, is as Mr. Abingdon, the actor, for long the leading "villain" at the Adelphi, and the nightly object of whole-souled execration. But, if Mr. Abingdon is best known as a "villain," he is also a fine comedy actor, and recently toured successfully in America as such. And, indeed, his acting, in whatever rôle, is always delightful to watch for its finish, power, and thoroughness. At present Mr. Abingdon is appearing as the rascally Jean du Barri in Mrs. Brown-Potter's gorgeous production at the Savoy Theatre, and has scored a decided success. In private life "Billy" Abingdon, as he is popularly known, is one of the best-liked men in London.]

SOME men are born to villainy; others have it thrust upon them. I was one of the latter. It all happened in this way.

I was a model, rather-too-good-to-live sort of boy, with no thought of anything so low as going on the stage, until Ginnett's Royal Circus came to Northampton, where I was at school. Some time after the circus had left I went after it, intending to become a bareback-rider.

I had no idea where Ginnett's had gone to, but I concluded that as the circus was a Royal one, it probably had permanent quarters in Buckingham Palace, so I went up to London, and hung around Victoria. I did not find the circus, but my father eventually found me, and for the next few days I showed a marked aversion to sitting down.

However, the poison was in my blood, and when my collars began to go up and my cuffs to come down, I became an amateur actor, and so drifted on to the stage.

Contrary to my expectations I did not within a few weeks find myself the idol of London. In fact, it was several years before I got to London at all—at least, as an actor—and when I did get there London remained strangely calm.

The intervening years were spent touring in the provinces, playing all sorts of parts with all sorts of companies. Villains, however, did not by any means predominate in my repertoire. I was far oftener the hero than the villain in those days, and it was not until I came to London and the Grand, Islington, that I played my first important villain—The Spider in *The Silver King*.

My performance did not attract any attention, and I did not make my villainous mark until, in 1889, I began my long association with Adelphi drama in *The Silver Falls*.

Such success as I have had as a villain in public I ascribe to the wearing of the white flower of a blameless life in private. Certain disreputable friends of mine may scoff at this, but I heed not their idle jeers.

The best stage-villains I have known have all been ultra-respectable men in private life—churchwardens and that sort of thing. I have also known some real villains who were just the same. But, after all, consider the absurdity of the idea of a man steeped in villainy by day, playing the villain by night. There would be no life in his performance. And so in my villainous days I used frequently to go straight from the Young Men's Christian Association on to the stage, ready to plunge with zest into murder, treason, felony, arson, forgery, or any other little thing of that kind.

Then my aim was always to make my villains as true to nature as possible. This was not easy. In the first place, the average stage-villain, as drawn by the dramatist, is as unlike anything in real life as can be imagined.

To begin with, he has not a single redeeming point, and I need hardly say that no man, not even a dramatic critic, is wholly bad. Then the stage-villain is usually credited with the intelligence of a guinea-pig, while, as a matter of fact, it takes a clever man to be a successful rogue.

When the stage-villain plots he bellows out his
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by the average dramatist I ascribe his present lack of popularity. The second obstacle I found in the way of making my villains natural was the difficulty of studying villainous human nature. Your real villain, unlike his stage prototype, does not boast of his crimes. He does not go about with "Don't touch me; I am a villain," chalked on the back of his coat.

Still, I usually found that a stroll through the City helped me in working up my characters. Once, I remember, a search for a villainous type led to rather a pathetic incident. I had to play a rascally, broken-down solicitor, who had been struck off the rolls, and I could not get the part at all to my liking. I did not know any broken-down lawyers, and I did not know where to find one.

One day, while riding on the top of a bus—an excellent place, by-the-way, for observing human types—I met a respectable solicitor friend of mine and confided my difficulty to him. "Oh," he said, "all you have to do is to go to the — (naming a certain public-house) in Chancery Lane, and you'll see just the sort of man you want," and then he described my quarry to me.

I went to the place, and there, sure enough, was my man, shabby-genteel, red-nosed, and tremulous. I went up to him, pretended to claim old acquaintance-ship, to which and an invitation to drink he responded readily.

Over a stiff glass of gin his wretched history came out. He was an Oxford B.A., had once been a prosperous solicitor, but drink had ruined him. After a time he shambled outside, but presently returned, opened the swing-door, and beckoned mysteriously to me. I went out.

"Can you lend me a shilling?" he said in quavering tones. "Certainly," I answered, "here you are." He took the money and turned away. But to my astonishment he came back, and, holding out the shilling, said: "No. I can't take it. I won't take it."

"Oh, nonsense," I cried, "take it by all means. You can have another if you like."

"Laddie," he said, looking at the coin, "do you know what that means to me?"

"No," I replied, to humour him; "what does it mean?"

"Six 'goes' of gin. That's all," he answered, thrust the shilling into my hand, and fairly ran away.

One of the most remarkable experiences I ever had on the stage was at Manchester, when the audience were so incensed at my villainy that they refused to allow the play, or, at least, the scene to go on, and the curtain had to be rung down in a hurry.

Such an incident as that encourages me in the belief that the Adelphi type of villain is, as I have said, out of favour with London audiences at present, but will before long come back to his lost popularity, or rather unpopularity.

After all, if he was often exaggerated and unreal, he had vital qualities. He aroused real emotions, he touched a human chord, and so long as human nature is human nature I cannot believe that melodrama will ever die.

Personally I was not sorry to give up playing villains—I never wanted to play them in the first instance—but now, after a succession of romantic parts, I am not sure that I do not long once more to hear the sweetest music that can fall upon a "villain's" ear—the cat-calls of execration.

"Were you carefully brought up, my lad?" asked the merchant of the applicant for a situation.

"Please, sir, yes, sir; I came up in the lift, sir," said this respectful youth.

W. L. Abingdon

nefarious designs at the top of his voice, and, in short, if he did half of the silly things in real life he does on the stage his friends would very properly have him locked up. To the unreality of the villain as drawn

WHY IT REMINDED HIM.

YOUNG SCRAPPER (amateur violinist): "Did you notice that old man crying while I was playing my sonata?"

Friend: "Yes, and I spoke to him. He said your playing reminded him of the old days when he was happy."

"Was he a violinist?"

"No, he was a piano-tuner."

"Your daughter's music is improving," said the professor, "but when she runs the scales I have to watch her pretty closely."

"Just like her father," said Mrs. Nuritch; "he made his money in the grocery line."

COLLECTOR: "I'm sorry, Mr. Slowpay, but your tailor has been obliged to put his account against you into my hands for collection."

Mr. Slowpay: "He has, eh? Do you work on a commission basis?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then I'm sorry for you."

ACCORDING TO CONTRACT.

HOUSE OWNER: "You didn't pay the rent last month?"

Tenant: "No? Well, I suppose you'll hold me to your agreement?"

Owner: "Agreement—what agreement do you mean?"

Tenant: "Why, when I took the house you said I must pay in advance or not at all."

MAY: "One of the young men I'm engaged to is going to get married."

Grace: "Which one?"

May: "I haven't decided yet."

"FATHER," said a little boy to his parent, the other day, "are not sailors very, very small men?"

"No, my son," answered the father. "Pray what leads you to suppose that they are small?"

"Because," replied the young idea, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

COMPENSATION EVERYWHERE.

"STRANGE how Nature equalises all things," said the philosopher. "Nothing is lost in Nature. What may be lacking here is given two-fold there."

"How about the loss of sleep?" remarked the novelist.

"Just the point I was going to mention. The sleep lost over the writing of novels is frequently gained by those who attempt to read them."

CITIZEN: "And so you are a collector of rates? You won't be very popular, I suppose?"

Official: "I don't know about that; I am often asked to call again."

HOSTESS: "What do you think of our game pie, Mr. Brigson? We rather pride ourselves on it, you know."

Brigson (nervously anxious to please): "Oh, thank you, it's very nice indeed, what there is of it. What I mean to say is, there's plenty of it, such as it is." (Awful pause.)

HE ONLY WANTED THE INSIDES.

SOME time back a certain colonel's gardener was going through the woods belonging to his employer, when he saw a man gathering nuts. As the colonel had given him strict orders that no one was to pick the nuts this year, as had hitherto been the case, the gardener said to the man:

"You'll have to clear out of this. I've orders to keep all these nuts for the colonel this year."

"It's all right," replied the man; "that's what I'm getting 'em for."

The gardener, satisfied, then passed on. Meeting the same man a week after, he said:

"Look here, you were not getting those nuts for the colonel at all."

"I tell you I was," was the emphatic reply. "Do you think I was getting 'em for the shells? Not me."

Commence the New Serial Story at once! See page 773.

REMARKABLE NEW SERIES.

STARTS TO-DAY.

The Mysteries of Modern London.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

No. 1.—A Note of Introduction.—Where We Shall Go and What We Shall See.

A MYSTERY is, in a popular sense, that which cannot be easily explained; a circumstance that cannot be readily accounted for. Something is, but how or why we cannot tell. The mysteries of modern London are as the sands of the seashore. The mighty city itself is a mystery. The lives of thousands of its inhabitants are mysteries. In the glare and clamour of the noon-day, as in the darkness and silence of the night, the mysteries arise, sometimes to startle the world, sometimes to attract so little attention that the story of them never reaches the public ear.

There are mysteries blazoned forth with all the glamour that the contents-bill and the head-line can give them, and there are mysteries that are jealously guarded by those high in authority lest public curiosity should seek to fathom them.

There are mysteries in splendid mansions and in squalid garrets which contain all the elements of criminal romance, and yet pass with the Police and the Press as matter-of-fact incidents of London's daily life.

The great river hides more mysteries than ever the Seine gave up to the Paris Morgue, and many of them end with a little rest in a quiet mortuary, a "found drowned" hand-bill posted for a day or two on a police-station notice board, an inquest, an open verdict, and a pauper's funeral.

But among the victims have been men and women, the story of whose doing to death would have thrilled the masses and the classes alike; in some instances would have revealed the presence in our midst of active agents of the most desperate secret societies in the world.

Unrecorded Crimes.

There are no mysteries of modern London more terrible than its unrecorded ones. There are disappearances that are never chronicled; murders that are never discovered; victims of foul play who go certified to the grave as having succumbed to "natural causes."

If it were realized that scores of people whose death has been accomplished by the hand of the assassin are quietly buried in London cemeteries every year without the slightest suspicion of wrong, the public would be startled. But the fact remains. And its most convincing illustration is that in almost every case where a poisoner has been tried, the exhumation of former wives or relatives who have died in circumstances which the latest revelation makes suspicious, has proved that they were poisoned too.

Fire has its mysteries which are rarely revealed. Arson is not entirely practised for the sake of the insurance money. It happens sometimes that there is loss of life. A house has ere now been burnt to the ground to conceal a crime or to secure a death. The murderer makes good his own escape; the victim is found when at last the brave firemen are able to search among the smoking ruins.

The story of "Enoch Arden" is told again and again in our public journals, sometimes with all the pathetic romance that the Laureate wove into his poem, sometimes with the sordid details of threats and blackmail.

But all the husbands and the wives who part and go their separate ways, forget each other and contract other alliances, do not make the circumstances of their chances re-encountering public.

The tragedy has happened ere now in the stalls of a theatre, in a crowded ball-room, in a fashionable restaurant. The supposed dead man has looked carelessly across the room and seen a woman go white as death as her eyes met his. She has explained to the husband sitting by her side that it was a sudden faintness, and from that hour has had a terror in her heart that has spoiled her life.

The Mystery of the Grave.

There sits in the House of Lords to-day a statesman whose ancestor, following his wife to the grave, met in the churchyard a stranger who had also come to pay the last respect to a dead wife. A strange story was told, and the two husbands stood side by side at the grave, both mourning the same woman.

As it happened then, so it happened in recent years in a great London cemetery. The death of a well-known man appeared in the papers, and in the announcement was the place of interment and the hour of the ceremony.

The widow laid her cross of lilies reverently on the coffin as it was lowered, and turned weeping away; then through the crowd came a woman closely veiled and when the coffin had been lowered dropped upon the lid a little bunch of violets.

She had left her husband for fifteen years and made no sign, and he had married again. But she read of his death in the country town where she was living, and came to the cemetery.

No one in the crowd of mourners knew the truth, but the younger widow learnt it afterwards in some mysterious way, and in her perplexity let her husband's relatives know of her discovery. And because of the law suit they brought with regard to the will the truth became known.

The mysteries of crime and of wrong-doing are common to all cities and to all races. They are part and parcel of the history of civilisation. It is not my object in these papers to bring out the sensational features of police romance. My desire is to act as a guide to those who would look beneath the surface of life in the world's great capital, who would wander about its highways and by-ways and see with me that which lies hidden from the casual observer. If I can help my readers to see behind the veil, to peer into the dark recesses, to study out-of-the-way aspects of life as it is lived by thousands of their fellow-citizens, I shall have accomplished the task which has for its object not the gratifying of a morbid curiosity, but the better understanding of things as they are in the great city which is at once the wonder and the admiration of the world.

The Fascination of the Unknown.

We shall see life in many of its strangest phases, in its best and sometimes, perhaps, in its worst. We shall take our journeys in search of London's mysteries at all hours of the day, and sometimes in the dead of night, when all good people are supposed to be in bed and asleep, but when thousands are out earning an honest living, and hundreds are abroad to earn a dishonest one.

"How do all these people get money?" is a question which comes naturally to the lips as one gazes at a great crowd of human atoms jostling and elbowing their way along the busy thoroughfares on a working day. And that question puts in a sentence one of the greatest mysteries of modern London.

Alike in the City and in the West there are for ever mixing with the crowd men and women whose means of obtaining a livelihood are mysteries to all but themselves. The tragedies and comedies of life cross each other at every movement of the crowd. The melodrama passes side by side with all that is ordinary and humdrum in the monotony of everyday existence.

In the buses and the trams and the trains the silent passengers sit side by side, and no man troubles about his neighbour. But the mysteries of modern London are represented in the crowded vehicle and in the packed compartment. The quiet-looking woman sitting opposite you in the omnibus knows the secret that the police have been seeking to discover for months. The man who politely raises his hat because he touches you as he passes from his seat would, if the truth were known, be standing in the dock of the Old Bailey to answer a capital charge.

The Shady Friends we Make.

The actors and the actresses in London's wild romances and terrible tragedies rub shoulders with their fellows every day.

I had for months upon my study table the card of a man, with the story of whose crime a few months later all England rang. He came to me in the ordinary way about a theatrical matter. He had written a pantomime—I have the book of the words—and he was about to write a comic opera. I chatted with him for a quarter of an hour, bade him good-bye, and forgot all about him until he became the sensation of the day.

He murdered and robbed a fellow traveller in a railway carriage, made his escape, and was found hiding in a back street London lodging, brought to justice, convicted and executed.

One of the most famous adventuresses of our day, a woman whose whole life had been a romance of daring imposture, left her umbrella in my hall-stand when she drove away in a hansom. She came to claim it a week later. In the meantime she had committed a fraud which later on secured her a long term of penal servitude. It never for a moment in these cases crossed my mind that I was entertaining a man capable of a brutal murder and a woman who was to rank among the celebrated female impostors of the century. To few of us does it occur as we come and go in the course of the day's work or pleasure that we are actually in touch with the mysteries of wickedness and crime.

The Romance of the Railway Carriage.

Going from the Old Bailey not long since at the conclusion of a murder trial, I got to Farringdon Street just as a train was starting, and scrambled into a third-class carriage. It was nearly full and I took the last seat. Instantly I recognised two of my fellow travellers. They were an elderly woman and a young woman, both dressed in deep black.

No one took any notice of them. But what objects of interest they would have been to the other passengers had the identity of one of them been known!

She was the affianced wife of a young man who had that day been condemned to death for the barbarous murder of the woman to whom he was already married. The girl who was sitting with her mother in the crowded compartment on the Metropolitan Railway had just parted with the man who had murdered another woman to make her his wife, and had that day been sent to the gallows.

I had heard this poor girl on the previous day tell in the crowded court one of the strangest incidents of the tragedy. When all London was ringing with the mystery of the murder her affianced husband came to tea with her people. The talk turned upon the startling crime, and everybody present said they hoped the murderer would soon be discovered. And all the time the murderer was sitting at the tea-table, the honoured guest of that happy little family party!

Who and What is your Neighbour?

It is because its mystery has fascinated me from the beginning, and because the spell has never been weakened, that I have wandered London in every direction night and day in a ceaseless endeavour to know it in every phase and form. In these years of wandering, often far off the beaten track, I have learnt much that is not common knowledge, and every day I am learning more. If I were to say that London has laid its heart bare to me it would be untrue, for that has happened to no man. Many of its inner workings are mysteries even to those whose task in life it is to solve them.

But I have penetrated far enough to be able to act as guide to those who have no opportunity of making the journey by themselves, who, even if they had, would make it with small profit to their knowledge of facts.

For the truth does not lie in the open road, and to take the narrow winding way that leads to it one must be armed with two things, the word that will carry you past the vigilant sentinels and the knowledge that will insure your safe return.

I have said so much that the reader who wishes to accompany me in these journeys in search of the mysterious side of London life may know over what ground we shall have to travel. But I should like to say one word more. We shall not need police escort or protection. My obligation to the police is great for many kindly services rendered, and I have the sincerest admiration for the patience and the energy with which they guard the capital's wealth and the lives of its citizens, but I have never asked for their assistance in my journeyings into dark places. The police are known, and in their presence the tongue of the local gossip is tied, and the intentions of the person accompanying them are suspected.

How I Find my Way About.

Wherever I have gone it has always been alone or with someone whom the inhabitants of the area—whether honest or criminal, toilers or idlers, decent folk or outcasts—have always regarded with a friendly eye.

Often a journey has been made alone. It has been made by day and by night, and though there have been times when I have been glad to see the beaten track and the lights and the traffic again, I have never received either insult or injury. And I have been in spots that are officially recognised as the most dangerous in London.

I do not make this statement in any boastful spirit, for there is no credit due to me for escaping the dangers of the dark alley and the underground cellar, the peril of the secret haunt of foreign desperadoes, the attack of the prowling Hooligan, and the wrath of the criminal surprised in the active practice of his profession.

I have gone with a passport which has enabled me to secure, if not the absolute confidence of the victims of my curiosity, at least their abstention from active resistance to my intrusion.

But the mysteries of London do not confine themselves to any one quarter or to any one class. They are to be found in the broad terraces of the West as often as in the narrow alleys of the East. In the criminal courts it is not always the prisoner in the dock who has the ghastliest skeleton in his cupboard. When the police van passes the aristocratic equipage with the coronetted panels, the elegantly dressed occupant of the latter may have the haunting terror of to-morrow in her heart, while the outcast on her road to Holloway is by comparison free from care. There are mysteries in the lordly mansions of the West that make wealth a mockery and rank a disaster. The jealous guarding of the family secret is a task that embitters the lives of brave men and fair women who bear the name that discovery would stain and besmirch.

In London, because it is the capital of the world, are the mysteries of many lands. London is a City of Refuge for the outcasts of the Continent. It is an International Alsatia, where the laws from which the alien inhabitants have fled cease to run. There are quiet cafés and restaurants and clubs hidden away in back streets in which men and women meet and eat, drink, dance, and play cards according to their mood, and plot between whiles the deeds that will be ranked with the master crimes of the age. In the dingy lodging houses of the side streets of Soho the French murderer and murderess may be leading quiet and simple lives while the Parisian police are searching for them through the length and breadth of France. In the Italian quarter that lies off the Clerkenwell Road the agents of the Mafia frequent the little wine shops and

are in constant communication with the heads of the dreaded society in Italy. Here the vendetta that in this country we associate with Italian melodrama and opera is brought to its tragic fulfilment. The stolid London policeman assists at another "stabbing affray" in Little Italy, and is informed that it arose out of a quarrel in a public-house.

But behind that quarrel and the stab or the pistol shot lies a death sentence passed months ago in Naples or in Milan, and presently the emissary of vengeance, having accomplished his task, is smuggled out of the country by trusty and tried accomplices, who pay their rent punctually to a London landlord, and draw cheques which are honoured by their London banker.

There are romances of the "Mysterious East," strange and weird, working themselves out behind closed doors and curtained windows in the byways of Limehouse and Millwall. There, amid Hindu and Mahomedan rites, deeds are done whose story would read like a page from "The Arabian Nights." There are gloomy dens near the river in which solemn Chinamen, with impassive faces, are engaged in a business which would seem incredible to the Englishman if he read it in a volume that described the mysteries of Pekin.

There are dealers in spells and charms and philtres and all the stock-in-trade of the witches, the magicians and the sorcerers, carrying on in the centre of London's rush and roar a prosperous trade not only with the poor and ignorant, but with the rich and cultured. And among all the mysteries of London few have a deeper or more tragic meaning than those in which the occult and the supernatural play a part.

Not all these mysteries lend themselves to the earnest student who seeks only the truth, who wants to see for himself and to tell a plain unvarnished tale. But many do, and it is these that I shall endeavour to lay before the reader, without sensationalism, without exaggeration, telling a simple story of things as they are.

Facts are more wonderful than fiction, the truth is stranger than any written tale could ever hope to be. I do not propose to dwell on horrors, or to tell again the story of startling crimes. London, the modern Babylon, the Mother of Mysteries, lies before us. It is from her own lips that we will hear the story of much that is strange and mysterious in her life.

(To be continued next week.)

GRAND FUN.

"Now, Tom," said his father, "here's a shilling. Mind, if it's raining be sure to take a cab."

Three hours later Tom returned from the party very wet.

"Why didn't you take a cab?" demanded his father.

"I did, dad," replied the boy, "and I sat on the box. It was grand fun."

AT THE PLAY.—She: "So you don't like the hat just in front of us? How would you like it trimmed?"
He (savagely): "With a lawn-mower."

"PICKING pockets," said the reformer to the thief, "must be a difficult and precarious business."
"It is," agreed the pickpocket. "It is, until you get your hand in."

A LITTLE PRACTICE.

Mrs. MARCHMONT: "Why, Jane, where are all the young ladies? I thought I heard them come in an hour ago."

Jane: "So you did, mem; they'd been to the cooking-school, mem, and the three of them's been down in the kitchen ever since, bilin' a egg."

ADMIRER: "Did you have to take care of the dog?"
Nursegirl: "No. The missis says I'm too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children."

HIS SISTER: "Oh, Billee, you did tell uncle a story. You said you liked going to school."

Billee: "So I do like going to school, and coming back, too. I didn't say I liked being there, though."

WONDERS OF WATER DIVINING.

It may be a surprise to most people to learn that the old-fashioned method of finding water by means of a forked stick has not gone out of use before the scientific experts, engineers, and analysts.

A recent exhibition of this was given in this country by a Mr. Thompson, who is a farmer and breeder of sheep on a large scale. With a large part of the experts who use more scientific methods for finding water, he entered a large field holding the forked stick in his hands.

They walked up and down the grounds, but were soon led to an adjoining field, where the twig seemed to pull the operator about. After a time he was so powerfully affected that he was obliged to release the stick and rest.

When he again took it in his hands it drew him to a spot where he said water would be found at a depth of fifty feet, and a full supply at ninety or a hundred feet.

This was found to be a fact, to the great amazement of the scientists.

My Notebook.

NOTHING I have said in these notes appears to have aroused more interest (I can only judge by letters) than some remarks I made about the late Guy Boothby. I said that many a good letter-writer could, with a little study, become an essayist, and from that a novelist. I don't want every reader to become a novelist. That would be absurd. But I do want young men to think that their education is only beginning when they leave school. Under the educational system that turns us loose into the world to earn our own living at the age of fourteen, we only get a smattering of knowledge. We fight against it and shirk it all the time at school. Once into the world of business, however, we think we know all that is necessary, and we are so pleased with our freedom that further knowledge is resented as an imposition.

I SHOULD like to think that any help I am giving now to my younger readers is going to be treasured up against me in my old age; and people who are then the age I am now will say: "If it hadn't been for the advice Mr. Notebook gave me, etc." Please do not think that your education is complete when you leave school. It isn't. The knowledge that will be of any use to you in after life hasn't yet begun. I think the day wasted in which I have not learned something. I remember when I left school I was always learning. Perhaps I was a studious boy. I was certainly a perceptive one. Books were always my greatest friends. At fifteen I started to write about things I did not understand. The fact that I had to verify my references gave me the knowledge that was lacking. If I saw anything or heard of anything that was not quite clear to me, I looked it up somewhere.

I AM not a great scholar. I have simply a good general knowledge of things and some common-sense. I have a quick eye for facts, and a very retentive memory. In that summary you have all my attributes. The same are within the reach of all.

I HAVE gone into this personal matter because several young people have written to me asking for a course of reading. I can only tell them what interested me. History is the finest educator. It is anecdotal, and therefore remains on the mind. And I advise that when you have read the dry facts of an historic period you turn to the literature and romance of the subject. There you will find the sidelights that the historian has not space to give you—the houses, the dress, the roads, the manners of the times. Always provided you choose the right novels. Let me give an example. Here are some novels about the Civil War of England:

"Over the Border." By Robert Barr.
"Mistress Spittfire." By J. S. Fletcher.
"The Splendid Spur." By "Q."
"Captain Fortune." By H. B. Marriott-Watson.
"Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse." By Dora McOheaney.
"When Charles I. was King." By J. S. Fletcher.
"Miriam Cromwell." By Dora McOheaney.
"St. George and St. Michael." By Geo. Macdonald.
"Holmby House." By Whyte-Melville.

You must remember that each of these authors has had to saturate himself with the manners and customs of the period. It is the way for you to learn. If any reader wants information as to what historical novels cover a certain period, let him write to me, and I will be glad to give him the information.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE said that all the history he knew he got from reading Shakespeare's plays.

I KNOW some overwise people will tell you not to read stupid stories about impossible adventures. Take no notice of them. I like to have a mind myself that is too healthy to absorb morbid minor poetry and problem novels. I like the mud-pie amusements of life. I got filthy dirty in my early mud-pie days. But it all washed off. The mud novels of to-day won't. All our present little fleeting, foolish, no-account, delicious pleasures—the simple pleasures that make life worth living—those are the mud-pie pleasures of to-day. The big dinner and the over-loaded stomach isn't one. But the long walk or the quick, outdoor game, with bread and cheese and milk, is.

WHAT'S the jolliest evening you have spent this year? Was it the evening when you went in obedience to a formal invitation? Was it the time when you put on your best clothes and your best smile? Was it the evening when there was music and flowers, and smart frocks? I remember mine. I had strayed into a remote part of Sussex, when the heavens opened. It was a mile rush to the nearest cottage, and I reached it limp as a piece of damp gingerbread. I came into the parlour-kitchen-dining-room half an hour later dry, but thirsty and hungry, and in a suit of unbendable corduroy several sizes too large for me. I must have looked a funny figure.

AND whilst my own clothes were drying on the jockey-horse before the fire I ate and drank—what do you think?—bread and syrup and milk—a meal such as mother used to give me in the dear old mud-pie days. And it was fine!

WE don't get enough of these mud-pie days, these little mean, nothing, no-account pleasures. But, my gracious, how we enjoy them when they do come! Once I stood under a mulberry-tree with a friend. The tree was a fine old monarch, aglow with luscious fruit. We picked the berries and ate them. They were fresh and sweet, and very juicy, and every mouthful brought the taste of early Eden to the tongue. Fingers, mouth, teeth, and lips were all reminiscent of the mud-pie days. "Dear me!" said my friend uneasily, "here come those awful Smiths; they'll think me dreadful in this state." "Why?" said I. "Oh, they'll think I ought to serve the berries at table with cream!" There are many thousands of these "serve up with cream" people in the world. The fresh, spontaneous, natural joy of the moment means nothing but folly to them.

ONE of those dry-as-dust gentlemen known as scientists has just said that, in spite of the progress of ages, there has been no real improvement or change in human intellect, as measured by a common standard. The scientific gentleman is talking through his hat. He cannot have seen the newspapers lately, or he would have known of the war in Manchuria, and by chance he might have read of the surrender of Port Arthur, and how the Japanese General Nogi so courteously treated his enemy General Stoessel.

HAD Nogi lived a century ago Stoessel would have had a painfully picturesque time of it. He might have been crucified and set on a hill-top for the conquering soldiers to jeer at, or he might have been carried for months in a cage, the bottom of which was studded with spikes, as an Englishman was in China within living memory. In being born so late Stoessel has deprived tens of thousands of delirious enjoyment.

AGAIN, had Stoessel lived in the days of the Cæsars the same would have happened to him as happened to Vercingetorix. This great Gaul, one of the finest figures in the world's history, surrendered to Julius Cæsar for the same reason as Stoessel—to save the lives of his men. Cæsar put him in prison, then dragged him ignominiously behind his chariot and brutally murdered him. How would Stoessel have looked at the tail of Nogi's gun carriage? How would Kruger, had he been caught, have looked at the tail of Lord Roberts' Cape-cart?

IN the days of Julius Cæsar Germany was a land of barbarians, America unknown, Japan pagan and savage. These three countries to-day possess the highest general intellect and the acutest individual brains in the world. And yet this old fossil of a scientist would have us believe the human intellect has made no progress. A thousand years ago there was not a solitary soul in Britain who could read *Pearson's Weekly*. To-day I know several people who can, and do. And yet this paltry philosopher says the earth stands still!

THE average intellect has improved. If the scientist meant to say, and didn't say, that in certain individual instances a brain is not so big to-day as it has been in the past he is right. Not otherwise. There is no Shakespeare living to-day and no Socrates, Plato, or Aristotle. I can point to nobody living and say, "You are another Confucius." Nor is there a Napoleon, nor a blind king of Bohemia who had the moral courage and love of his country to ride into battle chained to a knight on either side of him. We have no splendidly industrious Darwin, and no one with the stern honesty of Cromwell.

BUT we have millions of people on the earth to-day who can read and write and are learning something every day of their lives, and that is how human wisdom is progressing. We are not looking for human monstrosities, only moral and intellectual development for those who would otherwise be uncivilised.

GALILEO discovered and proudly announced that the round earth went round the sun. The Church up to that time had had a contrary impression. It thought the sun went round the earth, and it undertook to make Galileo share the same view. The undertaking was partly successful. Galileo saw the head of the Church, received a kindly talking to—and was not tortured as some say he was—and, being a wise man, publicly, on his knees, denied that the earth went round the sun. But, as he dusted his knees, he is said to have muttered: "E pur si muove!"—"And yet it does move." But, if he did not actually say it, it is the truest thing he did not say. Our friend the scientist may rely on it that the earth moves, and he may rely on the people of to-day and the future moving with it.

MR. NOTEBOOK.

Questions Worth Answering

Are Hooligans a Modern Development?

At the beginning of the eighteenth century a number of ruffianly young men of the higher classes—called by Swift "a race of rakes that play the devil about the town every night"—known as "Mohocks," infested London, sallying out drunk into the streets, carrying short clubs loaded with lead at both ends, and perpetrating shameful cruelties upon peaceable passers-by, wantonly wounding and disfiguring the men and subjecting all alike to atrocious insults.

Lecky says that matrons, inclosed in barrels, were rolled down the steep and stony Snow Hill. Watchmen were unmercifully beaten, and their noses were slit. Coaches and chairs were overturned on rubbish heaps, and country gentlemen visiting the theatres had to be accompanied by their armed retainers, as if in time of war.

Where were Needles First Made in England?

Needles were first made in London by a negro from Spain, in the reign of Queen Mary. He died, however, without imparting the secret of his art, and it was lost until 1565, when it was recovered in the reign of Elizabeth, and Elias Growse, a German, taught the art to the English.

The manufacture of needles was then again lost to England for nearly a century, but about 1650 it was recovered by Christopher Greening who settled at Long Crendon, in Buckinghamshire.

The reputation long enjoyed by Whitechapel needles points out the particular locality in London where the manufacture was once carried on.

Other large centres of the needle industry are Redditch, in Worcestershire; Hathersage, in Derbyshire; and Birmingham.

Where does a Judge Get Dagger Money?

In former times, when travelling was not so safe as in the twentieth century, the judges often needed an escort when passing from one town to another on circuit. It was the duty of Newcastle to provide such protection for the journey between that town and Carlisle. As time went on the actual provision of a guard was replaced by the payment of money for the purpose, and it was this contribution that became known as "dagger-money."

To this day the old custom is kept up, and at the Newcastle Assizes the judge receives from the Mayor a coin that is probably itself a curiosity, and also serves as an interesting souvenir of this strange survival.

When were Pews Introduced Into Churches?

Private pews, first allowed as personal favours, appeared in churches in the reign of Henry VIII. In spite of the stout opposition of Sir Thomas More and others, they gained ground under Elizabeth and Charles I., and after the Restoration came into increased favour and use among well-to-do citizens who claimed and enjoyed:

the Sunday due
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

Swift humorously described how one was appropriately made out of a large wooden bedstead, and in early Georgian times pews were to be found furnished with sofas and tables, and provided with fire places.

Bishop Eden states that in one case a livery servant entered the pew of his master between prayers and sermon with sherry and light refreshments.

Thickly curtained or highly partitioned box-pews were so numerous in some churches at one time that the poor were practically excluded, or thrust back into comfortless sittings in the coldest and darkest parts of the church, where they could hear little of the service.

What is Wolfram?

Wolfram is the ore of tungsten, a very rare metal, brownish grey in colour, heavy, and nearly as hard as steel.

It has been found in Tincroft mine, in Cornwall, and as it has been sold for as high a price as £150 a ton, it is keenly sought for and highly valued. Only a few tons come from Cornwall, the bulk of what is used in this country—now nearly 2,500 tons a year—coming from Germany.

It is used by our great armour-plate and gun manufacturers in Sheffield, Newcastle, Barrow, and elsewhere, and in ever-increasing quantities. Its great value is to increase the resiliency of guns and armour-plate, and in this it has at present no equal.

What Island is Peopled by Primitive Drunkards?

In Fernando Po, an island off the Niger coast, owned by Spain, is a race of habitual drunkards, known to their few civilised neighbours who have settled upon the coast as "Boobies." These people were recently visited by an English expedition, and were found to be quite unique. That they are aborigines seems probable, and they live amongst holes in the rocks, but their singularity consists in the fact that

they—men, women, and children—are constantly and habitually tipsy.

That this failing is not due to the influence of civilised man—as is the case elsewhere upon the West Coast—is plain, from the fact that their chief intoxicant is palm wine. The drink craving is probably inherent in them, and if so, they are the only tribe existing who, as a body, are being killed by yielding to such excess.

What is the Meaning of "Coaling the Sun"?

Coaling the sun is an expression used by physicists to indicate the necessity of renewing the stock of motive power, exactly analogous to coaling a vessel for an ocean journey.

Many maintain that this is done by the incessant showers of meteorites which rain in upon it from celestial space. Thus it is that the sun's energy is continually kept up, and its fires are fed. Atom after atom in the continuous collisions of matter is changed into vapour, and adds its quota of energy to the great central storehouse—in fact, "coals the sun."

Who was the First King of England to Assume the Title of Majesty, and what was the Kingly Style Before?

Henry the Eighth and the Sovereigns before his reign were usually addressed as "My Liege" and "Your Grace." The latter epithet was originally conferred upon Henry the Fourth; "Excellent Grace" was given to Henry the Sixth; "Most High and Mighty Prince" to Edward the Fourth; "Highness" to Henry the Seventh, which last expression, and sometimes "Grace," was used to Henry the Eighth.

About the end of this reign all titles were absorbed by that of "Majesty," with which Francis the First addressed the King at their interview in 1520. James the First coupled this to the title "Sacred" or "Most Excellent."

What Great Battle was Won by Geometry?

The genius of Marlborough seized upon the simple fact that the arc is greater than its chord when he won his great victory at Ramillies. The French army under Villeroi was posted in an arc on a ridge of hills. Their left extended to the village of Autre Eglise, and owing to the steepness of the hills, and the river and marsh in front, was in an almost impregnable position. Their forces swept round on the top of the ridge till they reached, on the extreme right, a height behind the village of Ramillies, known as the Tomb of Ottomond.

Marlborough saw that this height was the key to the position. He first made a vigorous feint on Autre Eglise, and so caused the French generals to hurry in person to that point. Then he moved large bodies of troops rapidly and secretly along the chord of the arc, and carried the position on the French right, before Villeroi had time to bring up reinforcements by the longer line of the curve.

This is easily understood when it is remembered that the chord of an arc is a straight line joining the extremities of an arc or two points in a curve.

"Is your son improving much with the violin?"
"Oh, yes! We can now tell whether he's tuning or playing!"

TRAVELLER: "Can you tell me, my man, where the Roman camp is about here?"

Rustic: "Naw, sir, I've heerd tell as there used to be a Roman camp about 'ere, but 'twas afore my time."

WHO SHE WAS.

"JAMES," said the new shop-walker at a drapery shop, "did not that lady buy some of that cheap material?"

"Yes, sir."

"How was that, after you had shown her the better sort?"

"She did not care about that."

"You didn't push it sufficiently, young man; or is she a lady that you know?"

"I know her very well, sir."

"Ha, that accounts for it. This matter must be reported to Mr. Brown. I am sure he will never tolerate this showing of favours to friends. Who is the lady—a sister, or what?"

"No relation at all, sir."

"Who is she then?"

"Mrs. Brown, sir—the gov'nor's wife!"

MAN IN THE STREET: "I don't believe a word of your story."

Tramp: "One moment, then, mister, and I'll tell you a different one."

THE PESSIMIST: "What is the use of struggling? We must all meet our Waterloo some day."

The Optimist: "Well, when I meet my Waterloo, my name is going to be Wellington."

JONES: "Isn't it wonderful how different the world looks to a man when he has a large banking account?"

Brown: "But it is more wonderful still how different the man looks to the world."

SELLING UNDER COST.

Something about the Demon of the Business World—the Price-Cutter.

SOME curious stories are told of business competition and the efforts of manufacturers to keep their prices from being cut.

A well-known firm of tobaccoists received complaints that their best 4jd. brand was being sold by a midland firm for 4d.

"Put up the price or we stop supplies," they wired. "Do what you like; I have a three-years' stock," wired back the cutter, as he smiled a smile of self-approval at his own forethought.

He made a mistake though, after all; for the legend on his notice-board ran, "Visitors are invited to walk in and inspect the stock," and one morning about 200 visitors walked in. They were dock labourers and navvies who had been hired and sent down by special train from the works of the tobacco factory, and who all, thanks to the generosity of the offended manufacturer, had their pockets full of tobacco, good, reeky, cabbagey stuff that made the air heavy and the brain reel.

And they smoked: they didn't want to buy much, only to "inspect." Occasionally 4d. was paid when a navy was hard pressed to purchase, but as a rule smoking and "inspection" were the order of the day. Of course, owing to the fearful odour of the navvies' pipes, all ordinary business was ruined, till the proprietor surrendered at discretion, and thereafter sold his tobacco at the proper price of 4jd.

Blank & Blank's guinea hats for fifteen shillings was a Liverpool man's bid for business. The hat was well known, and its price unalterable, and the manufacturers promptly cut off supplies, but the sale at 15s. continued.

Then it leaked out he was being supplied through a wholesale house; but which one could not be ascertained, as all their wholesale customers disclaimed any knowledge of him. The hats were genuine, and he did a roaring trade.

One day an advertisement appeared in the London papers as follows:

"Wanted, a man with a queer-shaped head. Apply in first place, by letter, with size, shape, to—"
and out of several applicants a man was at last picked whose head was, without doubt, "queer shaped."

He was sent forthwith to Liverpool and called on the hatter.

"You sell guinea hats for 15s.? I want one," he explained.

"Your head is an unusual shape," said the hatter after a quarter of an hour had been spent vainly in trying on all the hats in stock; "we shall have to order for you; will you call again in a fortnight?"

In a few days up came an order for a remarkable hat from Scotland. On inquiry it was found to be for a retail customer of the Scotch dealer's in Yorkshire, who in turn confessed to Liverpool, and the "game was up."

The demon price-cutter does not have all his sport out of the manufacturer, however, and when two of a trade get in the same town, they occasionally take a rise out of each other.

In a certain western town there lived three drapers. Two of them suddenly woke up to the fact that they had simultaneously invested in a new and startling dress material.

Side by side their two shops displayed the same article at 1s. 4jd. a yard; and it really was good value for the money, but by ten o'clock Mr. Alpha had marked his down at 1s. 2d., and by eleven Mr. Beta was doing a lively trade at 1s. 0jd. It was market-day, and the whole town began to get interested, especially as two o'clock saw Mr. Alpha at 10jd. Further falls took place till seven p.m., when Mr. Beta was at 4jd. and Mr. Alpha at 4d. Then Mr. Omega across the road stepped in and bought up both stocks and cleared them out at 2jd.

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Trades Pushed by Plays.

While Another Gave a First-class Concert
and Tea Free of
Charge to their Patrons.

Frocks and Frills, at the Haymarket Theatre, proved so successful a play that it gave some large firms of Parisian milliners and dressmakers an idea for booming business.

They hired a theatre for matinee performances, got a play written, which had plenty of dramatic interest, but yet gave special opportunity for the display of elaborate fashions both for men and women.

The characters were dressed in turn by each of the firms interested for a week at a time, and particulars were, of course, set forth upon the programme.

Admissions for stalls and boxes were by invitation. Seats in the rest of the house were paid for, but the prices were low. Once the scheme became known, it was found to work excellently, and large audiences came to gaze at the newest creations of fashion.

Madrid shoemakers have recently combined and hired several dancing halls. At each a band plays nightly, and the charge for admission is only sixpence. Their object is, of course, not purely philanthropic. They merely wish to wear out as much shoe leather as possible, and thereby increase their sales of dancing pumps.

PRIVATE BROUGHAMS FREE!

British tradespeople are quite as much to the fore as those of any other country in ingenious devices to encourage sales, and this apart from direct advertisement.

A London furnishing company has recently offered to send, upon request, private broughams to any part of London to convey intending purchasers to the firm's headquarters and back again. No charge is made, and luncheon is provided free into the bargain.

Again, a Tottenham Court Road firm opened last summer a free art exhibition on their premises. Every visitor was provided free with a dainty tea, and invited to inscribe his or her name in a book. Those who wished it were driven to the company's factory and shown all over it.

A firm of costumiers in a South-Western city recently sent out invitations to all their customers to attend a really first-rate concert.

The programmes were beautifully got up and tea was served free. There was no hint of business about the invitation, but if the ladies cared to remain after the concert and inspect the new winter fashions, they were most welcome to do so.

POST-CARDS HELP TRADE.

Picture post-cards, really artistic productions, are extensively employed to tickle trade. Upon them is no trade announcement to disfigure them, but the shop of the distributor appears prominently in the foreground of the picture.

A motor manufacturing firm recently presented one of the prettiest and best dressed of London actresses with an exquisitely-finished little motor-car, which must have cost quite £300.

There was no stipulation with the gift that the lady in question should in any way push the sales of their goods, but yet that far-seeing firm have already reaped a benefit in the way of greatly increased sales.

It is simply the fact that actresses nowadays are almost invariably photographed in their motor-cars, which has proved so useful to the firm in question. The photographs find their way into illustrated papers, and the paragraphs accompanying the photographs invariably include the names of the motor-cars, and their manufacturers.

FICTITIOUS PEERS AS CUSTOMERS.

Go into a West-End bootmaker's shop, and you will see on shelves around the walls, lasts, each bearing the name of some aristocratic customer, Lord V— or Sir John S—. Such an indirect advertisement appeals immensely to the new rich customer.

There are barbers' shops which follow a similar example. They have shaving mugs illuminated with the names of popular personages placed in prominent positions in their shops.

In many cases these customers are purely fictitious, who have probably never been inside the shops where their names do much to help the business of the astute barber. The idea of sitting in the same chair which has been previously occupied by a noble earl appeals irresistibly to a certain class of customer.

There is, or was recently, a restaurant at Felixstowe, on one wall of which appeared below the sign these mysterious letters, L E A C O. Practically everyone who passes stops to wonder what the mysterious letters mean, and some, of course, have sufficient curiosity to enter and inquire. The fact is this.

The proprietor originally intended to put up the words "Cycle Accommodation." He began in the

When Businesses have
been Boomed
on the "Boards."

One Firm Gave £1,000
worth of Railway
Stock to its Customers.

creasing sales. He set up his tripod outside a large school a little before the hour when the children were due to come out.

Then when the boys came rushing by he called to some of them to come and have their pictures taken. He was careful to choose such whose clothes and appearances showed them to belong to fairly well-to-do parents. His assistant stood by with note-book and pencil, and took down the names and addresses of the subjects.

An evening or two later the camera artist called at the various addresses, and exhibiting the photographs neatly mounted, was in almost every case successful in making a sale. So well did the plan work, that the acute photographer has since considerably extended the sphere of his operations.

£1,000 GIVEN AWAY.

The giving away of sealed packets containing prizes of doubtful value, sham jewellery, and the like, has long been given up by reputable tradespeople.

A more up-to-date prize-giving scheme is one adopted by a London boot shop. The proprietor purchased at its current value £1,000 worth of Great Central Railway Stock, and to every purchaser during a certain period was presented an amount of this stock equivalent in value to his or her purchase.

Customers were informed in a circular given with the stock that the stock had been placed in trust until it reached par value or for twenty years. Then it would be distributed to holders of the coupons.

The idea has not been copied by other firms for the simple reason that its originators patented it.

EASTER DAWN.

A shadow lay dark on the world without,
The shadow of death and despair,
And children of men were fain to doubt
If the heavens were really there.
When a thrush fluted a sudden trill,
A liquid warble of joy,
And a breeze passed by with a whispered thrill—
The fire-created Dawn's envoy.
"Awake," it whispered—"awake, awake,
The daylight of hope is dawning;
Sorrow and sleep from your eyelids shake,
It is morning—Easter Morning!"

A shaft of gold shot across the East,
A lark sprang up from his nest,
As the daffodil light of the dawn increased
He carolled like one possessed.
The thrush replied from the garden gloom,
A church bell rang in the glen;
Each sang of the love that had pierced the tomb
And melted the hearts of men.
"Awake, ye children of men, awake,
The day of your hope is dawning;
Sorrow and sleep from your eyelids shake,
It is morning—Easter Morning!"

IDA: "Why, he actually wanted to kiss me; I think he must have lost his senses."
MAY: "I think so too, dear."

PEARSON'S 6D. MUSIC.

The Latest . . .
"You and I"

Words by WALTER PARKE, Music by F. BUGALOSKI.

Also in the same series:

"Mopso." By Sir C. V. STANFORD.
"A Whisper of Love." By MILTON WELLINGS.
"My Sweet Wild Rose." By H. TROTTER.

On sale everywhere. Heard on the Gramophones. In two keys to suit all voices. Sixpence net. Or seven stamps post free from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

ANECDOTES BY DR. TORREY.

Revival Incidents Told by the Great Missioner in his Meetings.

We used to have in Chicago a man who was not greatly talented. He had not even a common school education; he could not write a grammatical sentence; I do not think he could write a sentence without mis-spelling a word. But he loved his Master, and tried to work for Him. He was a hard worker; he was a hustler; he was a pusher; but he had not power. There were three plain women, one of them is living yet and attends my church. She wears a little poke bonnet, one of the funniest things you ever saw on human head. She has not very beautiful features, but she has a beautiful face—beautiful with the light of Heaven. This woman and two others came to him and said, "We are praying for you," and he was a little provoked. "What are you praying for me for? Pray for the unsaved!" They said, "We are praying that you may get power." He went away to the city wondering what those women meant.

AFTER a few days he went around and asked them what they meant, praying that he might get power. They explained that they meant the power of the Holy Ghost, that He might make him of even more use. Then he said, "Pray for me!" They knelt down and prayed for him, and such an aching desire came upon his heart as these old women prayed, that he rolled upon the floor in the agony of his desire. A few days later he went to New York city, and as he was walking up one of the busiest streets of New York the power of God fell upon him in such a wonderful way that he hurried to the house of a friend and said, "Won't you give me a room where I can be by myself?" I think he stayed there for most of three days, and the power of God remained upon him, and when he came out again he came to England and shook the world. It was Dwight L. Moody.

SOME people have transcendent joy when they are converted. The sun seems to shine brighter, the grass looks greener, the birds sing more sweetly.

But I had no such experience when I was converted. It would have been impossible had I been in the mood, for the event occurred shortly after midnight when the sun was not shining nor the birds singing. But I did have such a transcendent experience later on in my Christian life. It was when I won my first soul to Christ. I had to work two hours before he came to Jesus, but after the victory was won I was filled with such glorious joy that as I went home I seemed to walk on air. All Nature seemed full of gladness, and I experienced such ecstasy of soul as words cannot describe.

In Cornwall there was a clergyman of the Church of England who preached after a fashion, but whose whole time was devoted to restoring old churches and not to restoring old sinners. But there were some converted people in his parish, and those converted people got to praying for this clergyman of theirs. They prayed, and prayed, and prayed, and one Sunday morning as they were listening to him, all over the congregation a shout went up—"The parson has got converted!" and he became one of the mightiest men in Cornwall. He was converted in answer to the prayers of the people of God in that congregation.

A LADY came to Mr. Moody one time and said, "Mr. Moody, I like to hear you preach, but you are too narrow."

"Too narrow! Why?"
"Oh," she said, "you think that a Christian cannot have any fun. You think that a Christian ought not to go to the theatre, ought not to dance, ought not to play cards."

Mr. Moody said, "Did you ever hear me say that a Christian ought not to go to the theatre?"
"No," she replied, "I never heard you say so, but I know you think so."

"Now," he said, "let me tell you I go to the theatre whenever I want to."

She said, "You do? You are a much broader man than I thought you were."

"Yes," he said, "I go to the theatre whenever I want to, but I don't want. I play cards every time I want to, but I don't want. I dance every time I want to, but I don't want. You could not draw me to a dance with an ox-team unless I went to try and do good to somebody who was there. I have something that is better!"

When a person has a fountain of living water springing up within, what does he want with a mud-pool, I would like to know? What a fool a man is who thinks about a mud-pool when he can have clear, sweet, crystal water.

(More of these anecdotes next week.)

"Rabbit Keeping for Pleasure and Profit," by George Gardner; cloth, price 1s., may be obtained at all railway bookstalls and bookellers.

Picked Pars.

Penalty for Cigarette Smoking.

For persisting in smoking cigarettes, a midshipman of the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis has been dismissed from the service.

World's Highest Bridge.

The bridge thrown across the Zambesi at Victoria Falls is completed. It is 650ft. long, 30ft. wide, and 420ft. above low water mark, which is higher than any other bridge in the world.

Scholar of Seventy-three.

A negress, who was once a slave, and has struggled long to obtain an education, has just succeeded in winning, at the age of seventy-three, a prize for high scholarship in the Boardman High School, New Haven, U.S.A.

One Man's Nerve.

In full view of the congregation at Perry Barr Wesleyan Chapel, Birmingham, an elderly man held out a florin to the official who was taking the collection, and instructed him to take a certain amount and return the change.

The latest in Slot Machines.

The United States seaside resort, Atlantic City, has provided for its bathing patrons slot machines, which deliver life and accident insurance policies in return for coins inserted. The policies are £20 for 2½d., £100 for 1s., and £200 for 2s.

Novel Record.

A lady living at St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire, enjoys the rare distinction of having attended more than a thousand weddings. For the last fifty years she has made a point of being present at every possible wedding within a radius of a dozen miles from her home.

New Rubies.

"Artificial" rubies are now being produced by reducing small natural rubies to a fine powder, calcined in an electric furnace, cooling rapidly and crystallising.

Ants Threaten Organ.

White ants have so extensively invaded the town hall of Sydney, N.S.W., threatening the great organ with destruction, that the wooden floors had to be raised and made ant-proof at a cost of £320.

Editorial Duties.

The editor of the PRANDA, of Belgrade, is advertising for an assistant who is "by nature courageous and not entirely ignorant of the use of fire-arms." He is wanted to be on hand when officers ask for contradictions of leading articles.

His Dog's Estate.

Mr. Francis Downs, a wealthy lawyer in New York, has applied to the courts for the appointment of an administrator of the estate of his dog Leo, killed in a railway accident last week. Mr. Downs transferred some small stock to the name of the dog to avoid assessment, and the stock suddenly increased greatly in value.

Valuable Invention.

Captain Edward Molineux, D.S.O., Indian Army, has invented an apparatus for laying field telegraph and telephone wires at a rapid rate from horseback. The invention enables the wires to be laid out or reeled in at the gallop, and the apparatus is light, being constructed to take very fine, flexible cable wire. With this invention it is possible to link up batteries and mounted units whilst on the move, and so dispense with galloping orderlies and aides-de-camp.

Bargain Clock.

Jewels worth £8,000 were found hidden in an old clock which a Hungarian student bought from a hawker at Fiume, Austria, for two shillings.

Ate up the Exhibition.

The great German "Ham Exhibition" at Berlin came to an untimely end on the second day, for the visitors, who were entitled to "taste," ate up the 14,000 exhibits.

Sixpenny Club.

With a subscription of only sixpence per annum, a working men's club which is being organised at Halifax will, it is confidently expected, have a membership of over ten thousand.

Industrious Hen.

At Miltown, Derbyshire, an old English gamehen has just died, having reached the extraordinary age of seventeen years. Her eggs had latterly diminished in size, until they were no bigger than a thrush's.

Provisioned.

The master of Leigh (Lancs.) workhouse, is complaining of inmates bringing food-stuffs into the house. One old woman's bundle contained tripe, fried fish, savoury ducks, chops, sausages, prunes, eggs, oranges, snuff, tobacco, tea, sugar, whisky, bacon, vaseline, and butter.

The Biter Bit.

While a rabbit catcher was examining his traps near Seahouses, Northumberland, recently he found securely fastened in one a mouse and an owl. The mouse had evidently been in the act of crossing the trap when pounced upon by the owl. The mouse was dead, having been caught through the body, but the owl was liberated minus a leg.

Railway Pars.

HOW EXPRESS ENGINES TAKE WATER.

ON some long distance trains which are unable to stop to take in water in the usual way, an ingenious method is employed whereby the engine is fed with the necessary fluid while it is still in motion. Between the rails is a trough of water, and when the engine tank requires refilling, a long pipe with a curve in the direction in which the train is going is let down into it,



and the force of the water, combined with the speed at which the train is going, forces the water up through this pipe into the tank. As a rule, these troughs are about three-quarters of a mile in length.

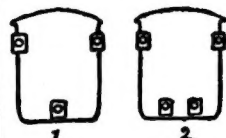
A SIGN WORTH NOTING.

It is extraordinary that while numerous signs are placed all around us for our benefit and guidance, few there are among us who ever make use of them. Should you happen to be at a wayside railway-station and see a large red capital T painted on a white background and hung outside the booking-office, you will know at once that postal telegrams may be sent from that particular station. Not one person in a hundred knows the meaning of this sign, so next time you are on a platform with a friend and want to send a wire, draw his attention to it. It's worth knowing.

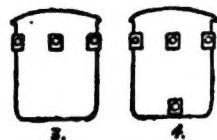


TRAIN TAIL AND SIDE LAMPS.

LAMPS play an important part on all railways, and travellers may have often noticed those at the back of the last vehicle on a train. They are to enable drivers to know whether a train in front of them is on the line on which they are running or on the one parallel with it. The following arrangement of train tail and side lamps is carried out on those



portions of the railways where there are other running lines beside the up and down passenger lines. Trains running on the passenger lines carry three lamps in a triangle (Fig. 1). To indicate that a "special" is following on the passenger line, of which no previous notice has been given, an additional tail lamp is used (Fig. 2). Trains running on goods lines carry three lamps in a straight line (Fig. 3). The signal that a goods special is following is shown by an additional lamp being placed on the bottom of the last vehicle (Fig. 4). The lamps are carried by day as well as by night. The tail lamps also show the signalmen that the whole of the train has passed. Should a train pass a signal-box without a tail lamp, the signalman notifies the men on either side of him by giving the prescribed bell signal, and does not accept another train from the box in the rear until he has ascertained that no portion of the preceding train has been left on the line.



A gold-plated pencil-case is given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph here. See footnote.

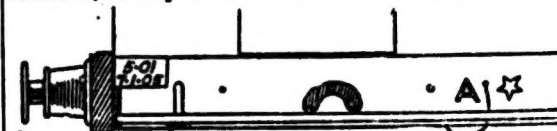
THE "CAPOUCHON."

THE peculiar looking chimney-top shown in the accompanying sketch is often to be seen on the express engines of some of the northern lines, such as the M.R. and the L. & N.W.R. When travelling at high speed, the raised portion in front acts as a wind guard, allowing the exhaust steam and smoke to leave the chimney more readily than if the ordinary funnel were used.



SOME CARRIAGE SIGNS.

RAILWAY carriages have many marks upon them, but the following are the most usually employed. The figures 5.01 in the sketch are painted white and show the month and year in which the carriage last left the works after repair. Beneath these, in red, is the date on which the carriage wheels were last examined. The letter A, usually to be seen more towards the middle of



the carriage frame, shows the position of the wire used in releasing the brake when shunting. This letter is used in vehicles operated with the automatic vacuum brake, but in carriages where the Westinghouse air brake is employed, a white star is shown. In some carriages both brakes are found.

Personal Pars.

LADY BRISTOL

has a most wonderful collection of old fans. Many of these she has copied on chicken skin and other fine materials, and her work can hardly be distinguished from the originals. She is also very clever in reproducing wild flowers, and devotes a great deal of time to this artistic hobby.

SIR ALMA TADEMA

has a remarkable piano, that was made specially for him by Messrs. Broadwood. Large masses of fine ivory are employed in carved acanthus ornament on the sides of the keyboard, while the sides of the case are panelled, and bear devices representing the lark, owl, and cuckoo, with their characteristic notes in old musical notation. The top is adorned with geometrical patterns in mahogany, white-woods, ebony, tortoise-shell, and mother of pearl. Sir Alma, moreover, has lined it with sheets of vellum, which bear the approving signatures of his musical friends who have played upon the instrument.

MR. J. KEIR HARDIE.

The representative in Parliament of the miners of Merthyr Tydfil, still possesses some of the tools he was wont to take with him down into the pits of his native Scotland. M.P. and ex-pit boy, he treasures also the white-washed board wherewith, with a nail as sole writing implement, he taught himself shorthand down in the bowels of the earth.

When Mr. Hardie was stricken down recently with appendicitis, King Edward sent a kindly telegram of sympathy and inquiry, a message Mr. Hardie carefully preserves.

Mr. Hardie is a collector of books and documents bearing on Scottish folklore, history, and literature. And though

the son of a humble miner, he has been able to obtain possession of documents bearing on the history of his own family. He is not ashamed to number among his forebears one who was hanged—and perhaps even drawn and quartered—for his advanced opinions on Glasgow Green in the "good old times."

VISCOUNT PEEL.

The great Duke of Wellington was Lord Peel's godfather, and the Sir Robert Peel who abolished the Corn Laws and gave the country its police force ("Peelers") was, of course, his father. Lord Peel shows you with animation an excellent portrait of the former Haydon, and in the spacious and lofty drawing-room of "The Lodge," Sandy, the desk and table used by the latter are also to be seen. But it is as Mr. Speaker Peel that Lord Peel himself has achieved distinction, and the full-sized portrait of him in his Speaker's robes is by Lockhart.

A curious daguerreotype has a melancholy interest. It is a portrait of your host's brother, the gallant Sir William Peel, who commanded the naval brigade in the Crimea and during the Indian Mutiny, and died at Cawnpore of smallpox in 1858.

A silver car and rudder to match are mementoes of river triumphs in Oxford days, and, as is evidenced by beautifully modelled gold and silver caskets, Lord Peel is also freeman of places so far apart as the City of London and the Royal Borough of Wick, in distant Caithness. Among the objects d'art at "The Lodge" should also be mentioned a miniature of the Princess Elizabeth, Landgravine of Hesse, painted, not by Sir Joshua Reynolds, but by Elizabeth, his daughter, whose work is so rarely seen in the art market.

What Popular People Prize Most in their Homes.

LORD SHEFFIELD

is the proud possessor of a photograph of very great interest.

It is a picture of the Bullingdon Cricket Club, of Oxford, and among the team is King Edward, then an Oxford undergraduate, in the least known of all his roles, that of a cricketer. It is said that the King still treasures the bat which he used when playing for the Bullingdon Club—over forty years ago. The highest score he ever made with it was five.

MISS MARIE CORELLI'S

home is at Hall's Croft, Stratford-on-Avon. "Welcome to all my friends" is the inscription in white letters which greets the visitor from one of the beams of the entrance hall. And over most of the entrances to the various rooms are Shakespearian quotations, such as "Love's Labour Lost," "What You Will," and "As You Like It."

A richly carved oaken sideboard in the dining-room reminds one of the mediæval days when it was new, and the settle in the roomy hall has also a history, as has the iron lantern which swings from the ceiling. A shield made of daggers and falchions is a conspicuous object on the drawing-room wall.

On the long oaken table in the dining-room stands a richly wrought silver service, the handiwork of an artisan of the middle ages; and near by stands a typewriter, very modern in appearance, for the use of the gifted authoress's secretary. A "cozy corner," with rich Oriental cushions and dark silken hangings, brings to mind scenes from some of Miss Corelli's works, and was evidently of her own design.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



Mother Nature: Washerwoman!

Where Dame Nature
will Wash
your Shirt for Nothing.
She Makes Many
Things that Man Makes for Himself.
She Turned Out Lace Ages before he
Dreamt of It.

THE "Old Faithful" geyser, which stands in the United States National Park, in the Yellowstone, is Nature's self-acting, natural power, washing machine.

General Sheridan's troops were the first to utilise the geyser as a laundry-maid. "Old Faithful" erupts every eighty minutes with the regularity of clock-work, and all the soldiers had to do was to strip, throw in their soiled linen—woollen goods are torn to pieces by the geyser—light their pipes, and wait.

No sooner had the geyser begun to work, than the clothes were tossed about as if a score of expert washerwomen were battling with them.

Finally, they were thrown high into the air, and the soldiers caught them as they descended. The clothes, principally shirts and vests, were as white as snow, and rinsed almost dry.

A traveller who visited the Yellowstone some time ago, threw in his shirt immediately after "Old Faithful" had erupted, and it disappeared down the geyser's gullet into the bowels of the earth.

Thinking that he had lost his shirt for ever, he buttoned his coat over his bare chest and went to sleep.

WASHED WHILE YOU WAIT.

An hour later he was awakened by something falling upon his face, and, starting up, discovered that it was his missing undergarment as clean and as fresh as when he first put it on. "Old Faithful," the one and only natural washing machine in the world, had not belied its name.

Nature made lace ages before man dreamt of doing so. In the West Indies there is a tree, the inner bark of which resembles lace to an extraordinary degree.

The bark consists of layers which can be pulled out into a fine white web of a beautiful design over four feet wide. The native women have for years past used this wild lace for the making of dresses, which they generally wear only on fête days.

Occasionally this natural lace finds its way in small quantities into this country, where it is considered more of a novelty than anything else. A well-known Society lady, however, had a ball-dress made of it a year or two ago.

If you were to visit one or two of the native's huts in Bombay you would find that the floors were covered with what to all appearance was hand or machine made felt.

CLOTHES MADE FROM TREES.

As a matter of fact the floor covering is only bark stripped from the sack tree which grows in the district. The bark is a splendid substitute for felt, and besides being warm, is damp-proof.

Strong cloth, suitable for garments, can be manufactured from the heavy fibres of the Mexican maguay tree, while from its juices is distilled a beverage which is drunk by the well-to-do people of the country.

The carahuba palm, which grows in Brazil, resists intense and protracted draughts, and is always green and vigorous. From the stalks of the plant wines and vinegars are made, as well as a starch resembling sago.

Its fruit is given to cattle for food, the pulp is used as a substitute for coffee, the pith is an excellent cork, while the wood of the stem is turned into violin bodies.

In times of famine the nutritious substances obtained from the carahuba palm are given to the poor. Brazilian doctors turn the roots of this strange plant into a blood-purifying mixture.

A SPRING OF INK!

If you want one or two natural bombshells you will have to go to New Guinea, and pick them off the trees that grow there.

The cannon-ball tree, as it is called in the country, grows to the height of sixty feet, and its fruit resembles in shape and colour the shells Britain and other great Powers fire from their big guns.

When the fruit is ripe it bursts with a loud report, which can be heard a great distance away.

From the contents of the fruit the natives obtain several kinds of acids, sugar, and gum, while they make domestic utensils from the empty shells.

In the country back of Uganda an African explorer came across half a dozen elephants drinking at a vast spring of natural seltzer-water.

There are several of these springs in the world, and between them they spout up every day millions of gallons of seltzer, soda, lithia, and other mineral waters.

Not long since, Lord Rosebery received from America a gallon bottle of natural ink. This fluid was taken from a peculiar spring which flows at the base of Kenesaw Mountain, near Marietta, in the State of Georgia.

Lord Rosebery found that the natural ink was a little heavier than the manufactured article, but it

left a permanent stain, which made it a valuable agent where documents were to be preserved.

They don't have to dig underground for salt in Western Australia, for tons of it, if required, can be got from Lake Lefroy in that country.

This lake is one mass of salt in dry weather, and the people living on the shores sail boats upon it which are fitted with four wheels.

The speed attained by these wheeled yachts is much greater than the ordinary types used upon water, and as the surrounding country is too rough to allow of vehicular traffic, the boats save expense, labour, and time.

The kernels of the nut of the candle tree are used by the islanders of the South Pacific, including Samoa, for keeping time.

The kernels are washed and strung on the rib of a palm leaf, and the upper kernel lighted. The kernels, all being of the same size and substance, burn a certain number of minutes. As one burns out it sets fire to the one below.

The natives generally tie bits of bark along the strings at regular intervals, so as to mark the divisions of time.

An old-fashioned plate of china, known to collectors as "growing crockery," was sold by auction some time ago for £250. From the plate itself had sprung a kind of eruption of beautiful crystals that took the form of miniature trees and pagodas.

The growing crystals had reached to a height of nearly an inch, and were still rising higher and higher, bringing up with them the enamel surface of the plate.

There are a number of plates that grow in the world, and they were made together many years back of clay, containing alumina and magnesia, and in certain cases they have been so acted upon by the presence of sulphuric acid as to produce fibrous crystals.

A teapot that came from the same factory as the plates, became covered with crystals, very much of the character of Epsom salts, and was sold for no less than a thousand guineas.

The clay from which these plates were made was dug from the earth before man discovered that Nature kept a general store, and that mixed with the material was alumina and magnesia.

Man has now been forced to take Nature as a mistress, and to copy those products which she has already turned out.

Man makes borax and soda, but both of them can be found ready made by Nature, and stored in vast reservoirs of her own digging.

"He promised to buy me a bonnie blue ribbon!"

So caroled the maid all the morn.

He bought it. Then kept her up busily thumping
The typewriter till early dawn.

SHE: "Faint heart never won a fair lady, you know."

He: "True. I fear I shall never muster up courage to propose."

She: "But then, ladies are not all fair. I'm a decided brunette."

YOUNG MAN (to himself, ecstatically): "I am sure she loves me, for she tells me all her troubles."

Same Man (ten years later): "Confound it! She's eternally bothering me with her worries about the cook and the butcher and baker, and the door that won't shut, and the window that won't open, and all the rest of it."

Hurry Up, Boys and Girls!

MODEL LOCOMOTIVES, GRAMOPHONES, PENKNIVES,
BOOKS, AND HUNDREDS OF SURPRISE GIFTS ARE
OFFERED TO SCHOOL BOYS AND SCHOOL GIRLS.

At the top of the first white page you will see the heading "PEARSON'S WEEKLY—to Interest, to Elevate, to Amuse," which appears week by week. What you have to do is to copy this heading in black ink. The copy must be LARGER than the original heading, and the work must be done in school hours at the request of the master or mistress of your school. No ruling is allowed.

The full conditions appeared in the number dated April 18th, and will appear again shortly.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' COUPON.

Name.....

School

27/4/05.

This coupon is not available after the day for which the paper is dated. Another coupon will appear next week.

A SURE SIGN.

"Yes, we are going to be married."

"Have you proposed?"

"No, not yet."

"Then how do you know she'll have you?"

"Why, she's been encouraging me to save money, instead of buying flowers and theatre tickets."

ROSEMALL: "What's your idea of a mean man?"
Borrowell: "One that has his name painted in big white letters on the inside of his umbrella."

JONES: "You smoked that cigar I gave you very quickly."

Spongy: "Yes; I wanted to have the worst over as soon as possible."

"Oh, ma, come up here, quick!"

"What's the matter, Tommy?"

"Bobby's playin' at pantomimes, and he's goin' to make th' baby jump off the mantelpiece."

WET WATER.

AMONG a squad of policemen who were being examined on ambulance work was an Irishman, to whom the doctor put the following question:

Doctor: "What would you do to a man who had a cut on the forearm?"

Policeman: "Shure, sorr, I'd bath it with warm soft water."

Doctor: "What do you mean by soft water?"

Policeman: "Och! just soft water, sorr; wet water."

Doctor: "And what is hard water?"

Policeman: "Ice, sorr."

"You say your playing created a great deal of talk?" said the friend.

"Yes," answered the pianist, "but unfortunately it was mostly during my performance."

CHOLLY: "I was thrown out of a carriage the other day, and would have been killed if I hadn't alighted on something soft."

She: "Really? Did you fall head first?"

"So you enjoy hearing your wife speak in public?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, "it is a great comfort to me to hear her describing faults and difficulties for which I cannot possibly be held responsible."

SOON OBLIGED.

A CERTAIN doctor practising in London is fond of curios, especially those belonging to the animal kingdom. One day he saw an old man driving a superannuated mule attached to a broken-down waggon. He noticed that the beast had one hoof of peculiar formation, and, being interested, remarked to the driver:

"I say, my man, when that mule dies I'll give you ten shillings for that hoof."

The old man opened wide his eyes and asked the physician's address. The doctor gave it, and continued on his way home. In a little over an hour the old man appeared in his front door and said in pleasurable anticipation:

"I say, guv'nor, the mule's dead!"

MRS. HAUSKEEP: "What have you got to-day in the shape of rhubarb?"

Greengrocer: "Well, we've got some celery; that's the nearest."

"HAVE you seen a cake walk?" asked the dancing man.

"No," replied his friend, after much thought, "but I have seen a biscuit-box."

HE KNEW MOTHER'S TALES.

MOTHER: "The paper this morning has an account of a little boy who was drowned while skating on thin ice."

Little Son (cleaning up his skates): "Too bad. I wonder if he was related to the poor little boy who was killed by the tram while going to school?"

RATHER TOO SMART.

A TALL, official-looking man, with a pocket-book in his hand, called upon a young man recently and observed:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jones, but I believe you possess a—ah, yes—a black retriever dog?"

Visions of unpaid dog taxes burst upon Jones, and with great energy he replied:

"Oh, no; oh, dear, no! Nothing of the kind. He is a poor stray brute who followed me home, but he does not belong to me; indeed, I've been going to take him to the police-station half a dozen times."

"Oh, indeed," said the stranger; "that is all right then. Only my client, Mr. Robinson, shot the dog this morning, and came round to compromise the matter by offering you five pounds, but, of course, if he is not your dog—why, good morning."

Turn to page 773 and start our great new serial story. One of the most powerful and dramatic stories ever written.

Are Characters Useless?

Some Opinions by Our Biggest Employers of Labour.

[THE question which heads this page is of such general interest that I wrote to obtain the opinions of some of our greatest employers of labour in this country. The substance to my letter to them was as follows:

"It is well known that, for reasons beyond their control, thousands of worthy applicants for employment are unable to obtain 'testimonials' or to give 'references.' An honest man out of employment may lack 'influential' friends, or may be subjected to the caprices of his last employer.

"On the other hand, the man who committed some real offence against his last employer will seldom let such a trifling matter stand in his way of getting a character from somewhere. In fact, the bigger the rogue, the more plausible his manner, the better his chances of obtaining as many 'characters' as he wants.

"Has not the whole system as at present practised something radically wrong about it? Would you not prefer to go by a man's face than by written testimonials?

"Did you ever find that a man who brought sheaves of testimonials could not do his work, while a man who brought no testimonials could?"

The replies to these questions I give below.]

Better to Judge by Countenance.

Years ago I undertook the entire selection of men and women, and always judged by the countenance rather than by references.

I think the heads of large businesses often make a great mistake in leaving the selection of their hands to subordinates rather than by undertaking it themselves.

George Cadbury

Church Army Helps to Create Character.

The essence of the Church Army is to provide instant relief by instant work, references being only asked for after engagement. The Church Army gives preference to the men who are unable to get any character, and helps to create a character for them during their three months' stay with them.

In reference to the wider question of good people, it is indeed true that the biggest rogues often have the best characters. Personally I prefer to judge by the face, the walk, and the hands, rather than by the written testimonial.

W. Lawrence

The Right Hon. Sir Wm. Pirrie says a Personal Interview is Better.

I quite agree that testimonials should be appreciated at their true worth, which is often very little. Many men of indifferent abilities are, as you say, able to obtain a great many testimonials, whereas a man of real merit may not have the same opportunities, and should not be handicapped by the undue importance sometimes attached to such papers. The character and ability of a man can often be read in his face, and I can recall many instances of men selected at "sight," without testimonials, who have been most successful. I consider a personal interview a safer and more reliable guide in the selection of a stranger than any number of testimonials from other strangers.

W. Pirrie

What the President of the London Polytechnic Thinks.

I should not at all like to go so far as to say that characters are useless. I believe a good character is of immense value to its possessor. Some persons of real sterling character may be so unfortunate as to be unable to obtain a good testimonial or reference from their employer, but I think this is an exceptional case.

In recommending men for employment from our Labour Bureau, we should not think of recommending any without full knowledge of their previous history so far as we could ascertain it. If a previous employer reported badly of the man, we should still try to get him a place, but should pass on to any new employer the facts as reported to us, and as ascertained by us.

With regard to men who have committed real offences and yet have got characters, an employer must always use discrimination as to the value of any reference or testimonial. In all cases we no doubt are influenced by a man's face, and sometimes are so carried away by a face that we overlook any blemish

character and actions very considerably.

It is certainly true that many men bring sheaves of testimonials as to good conduct, which are true, but their capacity and efficiency are at fault, and are not dealt with in the reference. Some employers would prefer more efficiency and less good conduct, and perhaps for their kind of work would be justified. In all cases it is what is said in a testimonial or reference which counts, and also the man who says it.

When I was at Cambridge there was a story told of the then Master of Trinity College, who gave a testimonial to an applicant for the mastership of another college, and upon that testimonial the applicant was accepted. The testimonial ran:

"I have much pleasure in stating that Mr. So-and-So is capable of grappling with any classic."

After the election had been made and the new master installed, it was found out that he was by no means a classical expert, and the Master of Trinity was asked for an explanation of his testimonial. He gave it very briefly:

"My testimonial stated that Mr. So-and-So could grapple with any classic; I did not say he could grapple successfully."

Many people carry testimonials and references of this character, and unless the employer is fairly discriminating, he may also be caught.

J. C. H. Simonds

Mr. Joseph Lyons says Characters are Preferred.

As to your question, "Are Characters Useless?" I answer, certainly not, they are most necessary. We always like to know the family history of an applicant, as, if their parents or brothers or sisters have retained situations for a number of years, it assists us greatly in making our decision.

I think the system in vogue on the Continent is a good one, that when a person leaves a situation he is given a written character, which is taken to the nearest police-station and left there. The police then go to the employer to verify the signature, and if found to be in order, they stamp it with the Government stamp. When an applicant arrives abroad the first thing he does is to show his character stamped by the police. I would, however, go further than they do on the Continent. I would let the person to whom the character is given sign his name at the bottom, so that when he took it to the police, and they had any doubt as to its being in the right hands, they could ask him to sign his name in their presence for verification.

Joseph Lyons

Mr. William Whiteley says Characters are Useful in Certain Circumstances.

Characters are not useless; on the contrary, it is of the utmost importance that they should be good if the applicants for employment are to be successful; but to written testimonials I attach little weight—they should be taken with more than the proverbial grain of salt. I only consider them useful when taken in connection with the other circumstances of the case. A personal interview with the applicant's former employer is worth more than a volume of testimonials.

William Whiteley

Mr. W. H. Lever says Written Characters are of Value.

I may say that my practice in considering characters supplied is to endeavour to find what that character omits to state rather than what it does state, and to judge the character accordingly. Interpreted in this way, I find that written characters are of great value in filling appointments.

W. H. Lever

Lord Masham says a Character is Essential.

I never think of employing anyone without a character.

Lord Masham

"I don't see why you asked Mr. Bohr to sing," said the popular girl's sister.
"I hated to do it," was the reply, "but it was the only way to make him stop talking."

NEWITT: "I see a great statistician says that considerably more than one-half the world's population is feminine."

PEPPERY: "Ridiculous! If that were so how would he account for the fact that 'one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.'?"

in a testimonial. Sometimes we may be justified, but more times than not we regret doing so. I have known more than one case where men's faces have misled their

"FIRE STREET" AND "GHOST LANE."

Deserted Thoroughfares to be Found in the Big Cities of Europe.

Nor far from Streatham Common Station, on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, within a couple of hours' walk from the heart of London, is a whole village of unoccupied houses.

A fine road is over-run with weeds and nettles, and used only by pigs and hens, and in one prettily decorated drawing-room it is possible to pull up weeds by the handful.

"Lonesome," as the little suburb is appropriately called, was built by a rich gentleman named Blake thirty-five years ago. Mr. Blake failed to get the rents he wanted, with the result that the houses remained untenanted, and after a few years whole streets were allowed to fall into disrepair.

At Versailles stands a block of seven handsome houses, the rentals of which in London would be at least £100 a year. Not one is occupied. The owner, a M. Bentzon, died in 1894, and his heirs have since been engaged in litigation, with the result that the tenants who have left were never replaced.

The centre house, occupied by the late proprietor, is full of costly furniture, which is left to rot as the litigants cannot even agree upon a caretaker.

Bromberg, in the Grand Duchy of Posen, contains two deserted streets, each containing over thirty houses. The owner, a patriotic German, refused to let them to Poles, and could not secure tenants of his own nationality.

On the same gentleman's country estate are two deserted villages from which all the Polish inhabitants have been expelled.

"Queer Street" would emphatically be an appropriate name for a section of the Strastnoi Boulevard in Moscow. Here are seventeen handsome stuccoed houses, all without occupants. The owner, M. Lebedieff, was murdered by his dvornik (porter) over thirty years ago.

A few months later a drugging case occurred in the house close by, and a young student committed suicide on the same day only two doors off. The consequent notoriety drove away all tenants.

Odessa contains a street of twenty vacant houses. Though apparently tenable, none have been let. The owner, a Greek Jew, in a hurry to make his fortune, ran them up in less than three months, and was promptly ordered by the sanitary authorities to take them down. This he refused to do, and a warrant was issued against him. The jerry-builder fled to Constantinople, and left his worthless property behind.

The Jewish emigration from West Russia has been the cause of scores of tenantless streets in Warsaw, Lodz, and other Polish towns. In Lodz there is a whole quarter of vacant houses, the rents of which have fallen fifty per cent. without tenants being secured.

Cadis has a deserted suburban street known as the "Street of Flowers." The builder's title to the land on which they stood was disputed by a cousin, with whom he was at feud. The courts decided in favour of the cousin, ordering him to come to an arrangement with the builder as to ground rent.

An exorbitant sum was purposely named, with the result that the houses have never been let, and the builder's capital lost.

Misanthropy is the cause of a block of eight fine houses at Charlottenburg, Berlin, being untenanted. Annoyed by the gaiety of both his next-door neighbours, the landlord, a rich, old bachelor named Plettau, gave them notice to quit, and let the houses to undesirable tenants. The houses gradually got a bad name, and finally were left without occupants.

"Fire Street" is a well-known sight of Marseilles. In one year three out of nine houses were burnt out. Although the landlord repaired them, he failed to get tenants, and gradually all the houses became vacant.

Buda-Pesth has a "Ghost Lane," consisting of twenty-three cottages, which no one will occupy. For some reason which medical men have been unable to ascertain, the death-rate from non-infectious diseases was about four times the normal.

The workmen inhabitants of "Ghost Lane" were always meeting with accidents, in one house four persons died in the space of three months. The "lane" finally got such a bad name that it was deserted, and no new tenants were secured.

In Cracow is a street of "leaning houses," none of which can be occupied. Owing to the sinking of the ground, all the houses slope at a considerable angle. The builder, having exhausted his capital, was unable to reconstruct them.

But the record for vacant houses is held by Dalay, now in the occupation of the Japanese. The Russian Government spent £4,000,000 in building a model city, which was to be the Liverpool of the Far East.

The State built a grandiose official quarter, and speculative builders threw up hundreds of houses for the commercial population which was expected. Yet before the war broke out practically the whole unofficial part of the town was empty. The expected inhabitants never came.

SPLENDID NEW SERIAL.

START IT TO-DAY.

In the Grip of Fate.

A Story of Love, Hate, and Adventure.

By John K. Prothero.

CHAPTER ONE.

The Miser's Will.

HENRY MORTON, millionaire and miser, had called his heirs together that they might hear him read his will! An old, old man, his face, sharpened with avarice, was yellow as the gold he hoarded. Thin featured, with cold, cruel lips, the face was curiously impassive. The eyes alone gave sign of life, blazing with the fire of unquenched desires and fierce ambitions, that the greed of gain had never wholly stifled.

There was a tense silence in the room, a lofty chamber, whose pretensions to architectural distinction the blackened ceiling and the dingy walls could not disguise. A poor place, whose scanty furniture was of the cheapest kind, one article alone was worthy of attention.

A tiny cabinet of some rare wood, curiously carved, stood on a table at the miser's side. The drawers of the curio, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, were fitted each with a golden knob, in which was set a single jewel. Ruby, emerald, diamond, their tiny flames of many-coloured light glistened and sparkled in the setting sun. Close to the cabinet stood a wooden box containing an electric battery.

The miser turned his face towards the window; for a moment it glowed in the light of the western sky. The next—a shadow fell across the floor. The sun had set. With a grim smile, he glanced at those assembled in the room, and in a clear, crisp voice commenced to speak.

"I have sent for you to hear my will," he said. "From that brood of harpies—my blood relations—I have chosen four," and he looked from one face to the other, mentioning each by name: "Audrey Carew, my grandchild; Leam Durant, my niece; my two godsons—cousins twenty times removed—Roger Norcot and Hugh Laurence. One of you"—he paused, maliciously regarding the eager faces of his listeners—"one of you will inherit all my wealth. The other three have not a penny piece between them. Which of you have I chosen, my most dear relations; which?" and he leant back, laughing in mocking fashion.

Leam Durant started to her feet. "Which is it?" she asked eagerly. "Tell me now, at once. You have tantalized us long enough." Tall and imperious, she swept towards him, a beautiful woman in clinging draperies of costly lace. Her figure, long-limbed and lithe, matched the fair, proud face, with its milk-white skin and deep-set, violet eyes. Her hair, of a warm red, was massed in thick coils low on her neck; her lips, of a vivid scarlet, parted over sharp white teeth. Beautiful, but dangerous, thought Roger Norcot, and glanced in apprehension at the old man in the chair.

"Stand back!" thundered Morton. "Back, I say," and he cast a look at Leam so menacing in its intent that instinctively the two young men sprang towards her.

"Do you think to threaten me?" screamed Morton. "Fools! There's not one of you a match for the dying dotard that you think I am. Ay, dying—and with my will unread. Back, again I say!" He stood up suddenly, his gaunt frame rising like a spectre from his chair, his thin hand pointing claw-like to each one in turn.

"Stand, all of you, away from me—all except Audrey. Being more fool than knave, she can come close. Here"—he motioned the young girl to his side—"so that I can lean upon your arm."

Timidly the girl obeyed. Linking the frail old arm in hers, she stood beside him. His face softened at the pressure of her fingers; a kindlier light gleamed in his fierce eyes. Leam noted the change, and caught her under lip between her sharp white teeth. Was this white-faced chit to be preferred before her? She clenched her hands until the fingers bit into the soft palm.

For years the relatives of Henry Morton had worn themselves body and soul with fruitless longings for the old man's wealth. Some had paid tribute to him in the shape of gifts that they could ill afford; others made long and painful pilgrimages to the suburb in the north of London where he lived, there to lay oblations at his feet. He had sneered at them all, laughed at their gifts, rejected their flatteries. The four young people present pestered him with their offerings nor sickened him with slavish adulation.

Leam had enforced the claims of her relationship in very different fashion. Some ten years back, a young, ambitious girl of seventeen, she had forced her way into her uncle's presence and demanded two hundred pounds whereby to make her fortune. She had given him no honied words, no specious flattery, but had urged her demand with such courage and defiance that, moved to admiration at her spirit, he had thrown her a cheque for the amount, bidding her at the same time leave his house. From that day she had had no word from Henry Morton until summoned to the reading of his will. Remembering his admiration for her beauty and her courage, she had come to the old house in Highgate confident he would name her as his heir. And now, now it seemed that Audrey was to supplant her.

Audrey, reading the suspicion in the woman's face, shrank closer to her grandfather. For many years a stranger to him, he had sent for her some six months back. Always a lonely child, her mother dead, her father little at home, she had not been unhappy in the old house. The quiet life, though monotonous, was restful. She grew to care for her grandfather and his grim retainer, Matthew Price, and the men tolerated, if they did not return, her affection.

A slip of a girl, with large grey eyes and a wistful mouth, she seemed very fair to Roger Norcot. Her soft face, in close proximity to the gnarled and wizened visage of the miser, looked wonderfully youthful in its bloom.

Roger himself knew nothing of his godfather; had rarely heard of and never seen him till this day. Hugh Laurence, however, had kept up a correspondence with the old man for some years past. His father had taken him as a boy to see Henry Morton, and ever since Hugh had written to him at irregular intervals.

As the young politician's letters were witty, his godfather had tolerated and occasionally answered them. In his own mind Hugh felt fairly certain he had been chosen heir. The others, he reflected, had no chance. He felt sorry for Leam. She was a lovely woman. Hugh had a soft spot for every lovely woman. He would cultivate his acquaintance with her, he decided, and smiled discreetly at the possibilities such a friendship opened up. The voice of Henry Morton recalled his wandering thoughts:

"You know I am rich"—the mention of his money sent the red blood flushing to his sallow cheeks—"but how I gained my wealth you do not know. You are not concerned to ask. Which of you care how soiled the money be, so that you grasp it? And if you do care"—his eyes lighted scornfully on Roger's face, aflame with indignation—"so much the worse for you as a fool! I made my fortune as a dealer in jewels. Twenty years back I retired from business and came here to live. For twenty years I have pinched and starved myself unto one end. Of all the jewels I handled—diamonds, rubies, pearls—none touched me to admiration and to envy like an emerald. For twenty years I have hoarded the beautiful green stones. Scrapping and pinching every coin that I could spare to purchase them, until at last, miser that I am, I owned a store of stones unequalled in the world." His arm shot out with an involuntary gesture, his hand rested lightly upon the cabinet.

"Each drawer in this was full, full to the brim with my bright beauties. I used to plunge my fingers into the glittering heap and scatter the green gems, gleaming like drops of water from the far-off seas that wash the Southern shores. I can see them now." His eyes flashed fire; he stretched out both his hands. Leam's breath came quick; her eyes, of a deep violet, changed to black in the intensity of her excitement. The emeralds—were they still in that cabinet? If so, even if she were not the heir—she glanced round the room, measured her strength against old Morton's, planned another and a secret visit to the house when all was quiet and dark, and—

His voice recalled the woman to herself.

"A miser; yes, I was a miser. But I spent my gold royally, lavishly upon my emeralds. I was happy in the knowledge that I, Henry Morton, held the finest collection in the world until five years ago. I learnt then that a stone had been found that outshone all my gems, an emerald larger, more perfect than any I possessed. Before I had time to treat for it the jewel became the property of a great financier; from him it passed into the hands of a Khan of Tartary, who wanted it to decorate his turban. But it slipped from the barbarian's paws, and found its way to me. No matter how—it came to me. I own the jewel, the biggest emerald in the world. I own it, and"—he gnashed his teeth—"I'm going to die!"

"Where is the jewel? Show it me but for an instant!"

Leam's face, white and quivering, glanced from the gloom of the gathering night.

The old man laughed.

"Not now," he answered. "Not for the fraction of a second would I trust it near your fingers, Leam Durant."

"Where is it?" she asked eagerly.

"Not here, my pretty niece, nor where that scheming brain of yours could find it. You will see it, all of you, in three years' time. And one, ay, only one, will have it for their own."

"Three years—do you expect to live so long?" sneered Leam.

"I shall not be alive to-morrow," was the grim retort, "but my heir—the one of you whom I select—will not possess the emerald for three years. Why?" The old man threw back his head. "In three years' time the jewel will have increased in value twenty times. At this moment there are but few emeralds on the market. I hold the best of them"—his hand rested once more upon the cabinet—"and mine are not for sale. Before I die I shall destroy them, all except the one great jewel. Unless there is a sudden strange discovery of emeralds—which is not likely, the stones being found but rarely and

alone—this scarcity will raise the price of those remaining on the market to an enormous figure. The value of the great emerald itself at the end of three years will be, I calculate, over two millions. That two millions I leave to one of you. My choice you shall learn—later. Before I tell you there is much to do. Ring the bell, Reger," and he smiled almost pleasantly on the fair-haired young giant.

The summons was answered by Matthew Price, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a set, resolute face and a strong, square jaw. Morton motioned to him to take his stand before him, on the other side of the table that supported the cabinet.

"Put the table in front of me—so," Morton directed. "Audrey, I want your arm no longer. Back to your seat, and, Matthew, see my dear relations all keep at a safe distance." As he spoke he drew the cabinet into position and proceeded to open the top drawer.

"I am an ambitious man," he went on slowly. "I desire my fortune to do great things in the world. My heir must take the name of Morton and become a power in the land. To whose hands can I best intrust it? To Leam, the beautiful, unscrupulous bird of prey, who lives only to main and kill? I have heard of Madame Durant, my niece, the woman who keeps a gambling saloon in Paris, and is now a fortune teller, now a beauty doctor, always ambitious and unscrupulous. To Roger, the dreamer, who looks to his muscles and sinews to carve the way to fortune? To Hugh, subtle of brain as any serpent, or to Audrey, simple and innocent as a fool—or a young girl? Which of you will carry out my aims the most successfully?"

The faces of his listeners grew strained. Hugh moistened his lips and shifted his position. Roger paled at the thought of the vast fortune that would fall to one of them, and Audrey sighed. But Leam's eyes grew darker and more bright, until they glistened in the darkness like a snake's.

"Before I name my heir I must provide the millions I have promised, and to do this, as I say, I must destroy the emeralds that I hold—all save the great green stone its finder called 'The Devil's Eye.'"

As he spoke the old man poured the contents of the top drawer of the cabinet into a metal bowl. A stream of liquid fire, the emeralds passed softly through his fingers. Through the window flashed the light of a street lamp; its rays alone relieved the gloom of the apartment, until, catching the reflection, the emeralds flashed back a shaft brighter, more brilliant than the day.

The lamplight fell on the old man and the table and the jewels; strayed from there to Matthew's tall, strong figure, and on to where the miser's heirs were sitting. It fell on Leam's white face and set lips; it flickered on Hugh's dark, eager countenance. But Audrey and Roger were left in darkness—darkness relieved to the girl by the strong protecting clasp of the young man's hand.

One after the other the old man emptied the contents of the drawers. Then in a hoarse voice called out to Price to switch on the electric lamp. Immediately the white globe above his head became illuminated. The metal bowl upon the table shone with a bright green fire. The emeralds, liquid lakes of light, shimmered in wondrous opalescent hues.

"Look at them," Morton cried; "look at the finest gems in all the world! Look your fill, and then—" He paused, opened the box containing the electric battery, and proceeded to fix certain machinery to the bowl that held the emeralds.

"Another minute," he said slowly, "and the emeralds will be dust. At the touch of a spring a hammer falls upon the gems of sufficient power to crush them into atoms. Then, but not till then, the Devil's Eye will be of supreme value. Look, my friends; look, my dear relations; look your last at the miser's hoard!"

With a cry Leam rushed towards the table.

"You're mad, mad!" she cried. "Hide the jewels, bury them in the ground—hide them where nobody can trace them; but don't destroy them. They need not be put on the market, they—"

The old man interrupted her.

"The great jewel merchants know of their existence. Hide them where you like, they would be found out. Only by destroying them will my object be accomplished. What do you dare?"—as the woman, roused to fury by the sight of the priceless jewels so soon to be beyond reach, stretched out her hand to clasp them. "Back, back, I say!" and he raised his hand in threatening fashion.

Before his look Leam recoiled, and watched with quick-drawn breath what followed. The other three, gathering close, watched also.

A moment the emeralds flashed in all their glory. The next the clicking of a spring, the sound of a loud report, the dropping of a heavy weight—the jewels were ground to powder!

"Dust," cried the old man, "dust! Two millions for my heir, my heir!"

He staggered back and fell, livid and trembling, in the chair.

Read the opening chapters of this great new serial story. One of the finest stories ever written for this paper.

"Whom have you chosen?" once again asked Leam. "You shall tell me, I swear you shall."

"In three years' time," was the mocking answer, "in three years' time you shall know. On the third anniversary of to-day, here in this room, at this hour, you will learn on whom the choice has fallen."

"Am I the heir?" she screamed. "Yes or no! Uncle, for Heaven's sake, tell me! Am I the heir?"

"In three years' time you will know—not before," he answered grimly. "If in the meantime the heir should die, his successor will be named upon that day. And if"—he smiled significantly at his niece—"if that one dies and yet another, so that of the four but one is left alive, that one"—he struggled to his feet and raised his hand—"that one will claim the emerald—possess the Devil's Eye!"

Gasping, he dropped back. Of a sudden the electric light went out, and in the silent darkness of the room his breathing sounded laboured and long drawn.

"The Devil's Eye!" he gasped again, and seemed to point to where upon the floor there gleamed a sudden dazzling pool of light—as though the emerald itself had fallen there!

A scream broke from the old man's lips, a scream strangled into a moan. And when, in fear and trembling, they switched on the light, huddled in his chair they found him dead!

CHAPTER TWO. Leam Spreads Her Net.

In a luxurious sitting-room at the Savoy sat Leam Durant. Her black gown—she was in mourning for her uncle—threw up the whiteness of her skin and lent a deeper scarlet to her lips.

"He should be here by this time," she murmured, glancing at the clock. "He is very late, and now—" The half-hour struck upon the words. With a movement of anger, she threw herself into a chair, her foot tapping a sharp tattoo upon the floor.

But when some minutes later Hugh Laurence was announced there was no trace of impatience nor of temper in the smooth face and graceful figure of the woman who rose to greet him.

"So good of you to come," she murmured, with a soft glance from those violet eyes. "You are so occupied, and have such troops of friends, I hardly dared to hope you could spare me a half-hour."

"If you knew how much I had looked forward to this half-hour!" he answered, holding her hand a shade longer than mere courtesy demands. "I should have been with you earlier, but for a tiresome debate to which I was obliged to listen. And now that I am here, it seems we must discuss something almost as tiresome—old Morton's terrible will."

"Have you discovered anything fresh?" she asked.

"Little of importance. The will, the terms of which we heard, is a copy of the original document, which I find is in the possession of Mordaunt and Hadley, a well-known firm of solicitors. As you know, the will makes no mention of where the emerald has been placed, neither does it give any information as to the manner in which the heir will be acquainted with his or her good fortune. It simply states that on the third anniversary of Morton's death we four—yourself, myself, and the others—are to meet in the old house at Highgate, when we shall learn who is the fortunate possessor of The Devil's Eye—a quaint, not to say unpleasant, name for a precious stone."

"Do you suppose the solicitors know who is the heir?"

"I have every reason to think otherwise. Old Mordaunt, indeed, positively assured me to the contrary. He has charge of the will, and nothing else—neither documents nor letters."

"What of Matthew Price—does he know?"

"Possible, but hardly probable. Morton would select a less obvious confidant, I think."

"And the emerald?" Her eyes grew black, her breath came in short, hard gasps. "If we could find the emerald!"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't benefit us much if we did. I take it the Devil's Eye is not a thing one could easily dispose of. Purchasers would want to know its history and how it came into our hands. No, it wouldn't help us the least bit. I'm afraid, my dear Miss Durant, there's nothing to be done but to possess our souls in patience for three years."

"Meantime"—she rose to her feet and gazed at him with eager, questioning eyes—"what will you do?" she asked, and leaned her arm upon the mantelpiece so that her slender fingers rested on his coat-sleeve.

He shrugged and laughed.

"I shall continue to eke out a limited income with unlimited credit, which is all a poor M.P. can hope to do," he answered.

"If you were rich—" She paused. Her fingers rested lightly on his arm. "You are ambitious," she said softly; "with money you could do great things!"

"With money I could do everything," he answered passionately. "As it is, my hands are tied. I am hampered, thwarted, belittled by an eternal lack of pence, and I must endure this forced inaction for three years—it is an eternity!"

"What has become of the other two candidates," she asked, "the little grand-daughter and that fair-haired fellow Roger Norcot?"

"Miss Carew leaves for Paris to-night," he answered. "The old house is to be shut up to-morrow for three years, and the keys handed to the lawyers."

"Doesn't the girl live in England?"

"I take it she's no settled home. Her father is an artist, I understand, and at present lives somewhere in the Quartier Latin; a no-er-do-well, I fancy. Miss Carew and Roger seem to have become great friends. They will console each other, doubtless, on their mutual disappointment; neither of them stands any chance of the emerald."

"I am not so sure—I half fear the old man has chosen Audrey!"

"What makes you think so?" asked Laurence, flushing. "Such a possibility never occurred to me. I made sure the choice lay between you and me. Besides—" He paused and bit his lip. Only that afternoon he had negotiated an advance upon his expectations. The money-lender had speculated on his prospects to the tune of some thousands. If he were not the heir things would look black indeed.

"It may be you are right," she answered, "and yet the way the old man looked at her—a smile on his lips, a softening in his eyes—makes me fear. She's a designing girl. I knew it from the first. Doubtless she prejudiced her grandfather against both of us."

"I can hardly think it possible," he answered. But, for all his denial, the shaft had gone home. The sheath of his complacency was pricked; the germ of suspicion and dislike to Audrey was implanted.

"It would be terribly unfair," said Leam. "To me, as I suppose, to you, he promised very much. May I tell you a little of myself?" she asked, with a quick uplifting of her eyes. "I fear you thought I was mercenary, perhaps unwomanly, that other dreadful night. You did not know all that I had at stake. Ever since I was a little girl I've stood alone. My parents dead, I was without a friend to care for me, without a hand to help me. My uncle, my only relative, declined to give me any assistance. I was cast upon the world, a foolish, ignorant young girl, to sink or swim. I knew what it was to hunger in those days. Many a night I've cried myself to sleep for want of food. Don't pity me—I pity weakness me, Mr. Laurence. It's over and done with now. I lived through those years somehow, eking out an existence with needlework, millinery, any sort of honest employment I could turn my hand to, until at last, by industry and perseverance, I managed to put by some money. With my savings, by the advice of my employers, I started a boarding-house in Paris, where I was told I was likely to do well. It was hard life—up early and late, without an hour to call my own. That"—she turned and faced him with a superb defiance—"that is the origin of what my uncle called a gambling-house. A gambling-house—I—" She threw out her hands and gazed with beautiful, pleading eyes. The woman was lying through it all, but lying superbly, with such art and such invention that she compelled belief.

"And then"—she took out a lace handkerchief and held it to her eyes—"and then there came the cruellest blow of all. My uncle wrote asking if I would throw up my house in Paris and come to live with him. I believed his offer to be genuine—I was always credulous—and came as he desired. The second day after I landed I received a letter bidding me go to Highgate. I went, and the rest you know. And now—now I am once more adrift, my home broken up, without a friend in all the world!"

"Don't say that," he answered eagerly. "Miss Durant—Leam, I can't bear to hear you talk like that. You look on me as a friend, don't you?" He bent forward towards her, conscious in every fibre of the woman's fairness.

"You're very good," she answered softly, "and I'm ashamed to trouble you like this. The thought of going back to Paris among strangers upsets me, that is all."

"Why need you go to Paris?" he asked boldly.

"I know nobody in London," she said, sighing. "If I had friends it would be different. I have saved enough money to live on comfortably. But—" She shook her head.

"You would soon surround yourself with friends," he answered, smiling. "A woman like you never wants admirers. Take my advice, Leam, and remain here. My mother would be pleased for you to visit her. She admires a lovely face almost as much as her son."

For a moment she did not answer. The triumph that she felt made her afraid. For years she'd waited for a chance like this, a chance that should admit her—a beautiful bird of prey—into Society. Mrs. Laurence, the fascinating widow of a famous barrister, had the entrée into the most fashionable of London houses. Her name was a passport to the most exclusive hostess. Her income was small, but her entertainments were famous as much for the cuisine as the guests. Under her wing, no heights would be too great for Leam to scale.

With a flush on her cheeks, she rose and slipped her hand into his.

"You have persuaded me. I will settle in London. A hurried trip to Paris, and then back here again—to you."

At the pressure of her fingers Hugh took fire. All misgivings as to her past left him. The old man had lied concerning her. She was a beautiful woman, a brave, glorious creature. He stooped and kissed her hand.

She drew closer with a sudden graceful movement. "Let us make a compact," she said, "let us agree to help each other. You want the emerald—so do I. We will win it, you and I, together." Her eyes darkened, her white teeth flashed. There was something ominous in her words, something sinister in her face. Instinctively Laurence recoiled. And yet, why should he not accept her help? The remembrance of the loan he had raised that afternoon, the loan which would become due in three years' time, came back to him.

"I agree," he answered. "We will stand together, you and I!"

The lovely face beside him paled and flushed and paled again. Her neck and arms gleamed white through the black net of her gown. The scent of her hair, sweet and overpowering, seemed to cloud his brain. Her beauty seized upon his senses, drowning his judgment, swamping his will. The room grew dark before his eyes; the flower-like face, with dewy lips, came nearer, closer. He drew her to him in a strong embrace and crushed the scarlet lips in a long kiss. A moment later, even with the spell of her exceeding loveliness upon him, some instinct, some strange premonition seemed to cry out against the woman who had so bewitched him. She read his face and nestled closer, with a sigh that veiled a cry

of triumph. There were but three, beside herself, who could inherit Morton's millions, and of those three she had gained one!

The sudden opening of the door sent them hastily apart.

"A note for madam," said the waiter, stolidly oblivious of the situation. "The messenger waits."

She read the pencilled scrawl, and never showed by look or sign the blow it dealt her.

"Send the messenger up," she answered quietly. "A tiresome dressmaker," she added, smiling, to Hugh. "She has brought home an evening frock, and insists that I try it on."

"You don't mean to say that I must go? I'm a first-rate judge of chiffons, I assure you."

"You shall tell me how you like it later. To-night it may require some alterations. I am afraid you must not wait." She smiled and pressed his hand. Not altogether sorry, Laurence accepted his dismissal. On his way down the corridor he missed the messenger by the fraction of a second. Had he lingered but a moment longer over his farewells he would have met the "dressmaker," and his opinions concerning Miss Durant would have undergone a change.

Her heart in her throat, Leam waited till the footsteps of her departing guest gave place to another tread. The door opened to admit a youth, whose figure, face, and hair unmistakably proclaimed his relationship to Miss Durant. Younger than she by many years, weaker in will and character, Arthur Durant was dominated by his sister, of whom he was an ill-favored likeness. In him the ruddy auburn of her hair degenerated into sandy red, the whiteness of skin was tinged with yellow, the mouth vacillating, and the eyes light blue and weak. For the rest, he was powerfully built and of fair height. At the present moment, his face white with fear, his shabby figure instinct with terror, he was not good to look upon.

"Why have you come here?" she asked him fiercely. "Have I not told you over and over again never to come unless I send for you? What do you want?"

"I couldn't help it, Leam," gasped the boy. "I—I've nearly been taken. I've had a terrible chase along Oxford Street, up Holborn, right into here. I was looking in the shop windows when all of a sudden a fellow clapped his hand upon my shoulder. I looked up, and there above me was the face of the man I met in Paris at the races. The man, you remember, Leam, on whom I got off those forged notes. I ducked my head and managed to shake off his grasp; then ran for all I was worth—he at my heels the while. I did not know where to go; I was afraid to venture near my lodgings. He would have traced me there."

"And so you came to me instead? Fool, idiot! how can I help you?"

"If you can't, nobody can," he answered sullenly. "For your sake you must see me through the business, Leam. It won't do you any good for your brother—"

She laid her hand upon his lips.

"Haven't I told you not to mention that?" she cautioned him. "You don't suppose I'm pleased to be related to a thing like you. Where did you lose this man? Did he follow you right to the hotel?"

"No; I dodged him on the Embankment. Unless—Leam—he caught hold of her convulsively—"Leam, that's his step! He's traced me. He's coming up the corridor. He'll find me. I shall be taken to prison. Leam—" With wild eyes he glanced round the room.

"Here!" Quickly she opened the door communicating with her bedroom, thrust her brother in, pulled the door to, locked it, and pocketed the key.

A loud rap sounded on the panels of the sitting-room door.

"Come in!" she called in a calm voice, and settled herself in a low chair, without a tinge of flurry in her manner.

The next minute even her composure vanished. There strode towards her, his face alight with wrath, old Morton's godson—Roger Norcot!

Her eyes were steady as she met his, however, and her smile charmingly spontaneous.

"How very kind of you to come and see me, Mr. Norcot. I was feeling so terribly dull. Have you any news as to this famous emerald?" She glanced up demurely, enjoying his start of surprise.

A tall, clean-limbed figure, his grace of movement and proportion disguised the power of Roger's build. Six foot of bone and muscle, with well-shaped head poised on a firm white throat, his face, with sunny eyes and laughing mouth, won him the favour his strength could have enforced. At present the mouth was tightly set, and the blue eyes flashed fire. He quickly recovered from his embarrassment.

"I did not come to see you, Miss Durant," he answered shortly, ignoring her outstretched hand. "I did not know you were in the hotel. I must explain my abrupt entrance; the explanation will be an ample apology for my intrusion. In Oxford Street this evening I recognised a man who robbed me some months back in Paris. I chased him to this hotel. I saw him enter, watched him interview the commissionaire, waited till he received permission to go upstairs, and, with the permission of the management, followed him here."

"Yes?" She had risen and confronted him unflinchingly. "I am, of course, interested in anything you have to tell me, but really, your story seems just a little irrelevant."

"Do you not understand? The man came here, into this room. I watched him from the end of the corridor."

"You see for yourself he is not here," and she glanced slowly round.

"The other apartment!" He pointed to the door fast locked.

"My bedroom," she answered coldly. "I keep it locked. I have some valuable jewellery."

"I vow I saw him turn into this room," said Roger doggedly.

"You insult me," she said, flashing a dark look. "How dare you accuse me of harbouring a thief? As likely as

not the man took refuge in the suite of rooms next to this. "They are empty, I believe."

"Yes," he answered grimly, "they are empty. I searched them to make sure as I came up the corridor."

"Your insolence is outrageous!" she flamed. "I—"

Her interrupted her with a quick frown.

"The man is there"—he pointed to her bedroom—"and you know it. Either you unlock the door yourself or I summon the manager. You see"—he swung round on his heel, turning his eyes away from her—"you see, I recognised the man, just as I recognised you. I never forget a face. Yours and his are curiously alike. I saw you, both of you, in Paris."

"Not me," she answered, thrown off her guard. "I swear you never saw me."

"Don't trouble to deny it; it's so useless. You were with your brother at the races. You left before he did. I saw you go. It's fruitless to protest, Miss Durant."

"Do you accuse me of robbing you?" she asked, game to the last.

"I accuse you of nothing at the present moment. My quarrel is not with you. If it had been I should have spoken out when I met you up at Highgate. You do not count in that part of the business. Where you come in is in the matter of that door."

Tall, resolute, implacable, he stood before her. In a quick glance she read his face, and realized that she could not hope to soften him. The man had not an ounce of sentiment save where his affections were concerned. His code was simple and straightforward. Durant had played him a mean and sorry trick; had betted with him and won money from him, betted with him again, lost, and then palmed off forged notes in settlement of the transaction. The man must pay for his fraud. It was justice—no more.

"Suppose that what you say is true and that he is in there, what will you do?"

"What happens will depend on him. If he is wise, he will go with me quietly. There need be no scandal or disturbance in the hotel. I shall give him in charge at the nearest police-station. You will not be involved in the business, except, of course, that you are his sister. If he resists—well"—Roger shrugged—"there'll be a shindy."

"And if I swear that there is no one there?"

"I don't believe you," he said shortly. "We have spent long enough in talking, Miss Durant. It's time we came to business. Will you unlock the door, or shall I call the manager?"

Useless to urge, to plead, or compromise; the man was stone. She recognised it with a thrill of terror, tinged with admiration. Like all women of her type, she worshipped strength, and never admired a man so much as when he withstood her charms. Her fingers twitched to strike him. Her arm shot out involuntarily, only to drop listless to her side. He would not change a muscle of his face, budge an inch from his purpose, for all her blows.

Was it possible that Arthur could escape detection? With a thrill of hope she remembered that a door opened from the bedroom on to the corridor; but the hope flickered away as she recalled the fact that she had locked the door that morning and put the key upon the mantelpiece. And Arthur would not have the wit to find it! Hiding-place in the room there was none. She was beaten. She had no choice but to submit. She must unlock the door. If she did so, with luck she might escape a scene. Arthur would go quietly perhaps; at any rate, she would avoid a public exposure with the management.

With fingers that trembled, despite all her efforts at composure, she fitted the key into the door. It turned slowly, grating harshly in the lock.

His ear against the wall, Arthur had gathered enough of the foregoing conversation to realise the danger of his position.

"She'll never give me up," he muttered. "Leam's no coward. She wouldn't do a thing like that."

But, for all his boasted confidence, at the bottom of his heart he felt afraid. If it were a choice between his safety and Leam's? Well, it was easy to know which would be thrown overboard. And yet she dare not give him up! If the man insisted on a search she could gain time, precious time, by appealing to the manager of the hotel. Give him a minute, no more—to rush along the corridor, down the stairs, and out into the street—and he would be safe.

What was that? She was paltering—arguing with the brute. Was she going to give him up, her brother? The brother who had served her faithfully, done her bidding without question, without reward; fetched and carried for her like a dog?

It couldn't be; he was mistaken. No; it was true—that was the grating of the key in the lock of the bedroom door. She was coming for him, for him—her brother. For a moment he stood dazed. It was so cruel, so horrible a thing she should betray him. Then in a flash the instinct of preservation woke to life. A rapid look about him. The bed, the wardrobe—no hiding-place in either. The door that led into the corridor.

He sprang towards it, and recoiled as quickly, as he found it locked. No chance; there was no chance of escape. Another second and the door would open and let his pursuer in. He saw himself dragged along the streets, thrown into prison as a thief! Prison! He shuddered as the recollection of the convicts he had seen in Paris rose before him. He couldn't bear it. He would rather die.

The window—where did it look, how high was it from the ground? An immeasurable gulf of darkness yawned beneath him. The lights from the river flickered in the distance, the trees from the Temple gardens rustled in the breeze.

If he could only reach the ground in safety! Half-dazed, he climbed on to the window-ledge, letting himself down so that he hung suspended in the air, his fingers clinging to the sill.

The door of the room opened at last. He heard the voice of the man he had robbed, the voice of the sister he had loved and served.

The world turned black before his eyes; there was a singing in his ears. Of a sudden his hands slipped from their frail support. A last frantic effort after safety—a sob, and then into the black gulf Arthur Durant fell, down and down and down!

CHAPTER THREE. The Terror of a Night.

THE empty room, the open window, told its own tale. With a scream, Leam rushed across the room, and, leaning through the window, gazed into the dark gulf beneath.

"I can see nothing, nothing!" she gasped, and gave place to Roger, who keenly scrutinised the ground.

"He may have fallen into the balcony on the next floor," he said. "I'll go down and see. You needn't be afraid, Miss Durant; I'll not touch him. He's nothing to fear from me now, poor devil."

Norcot's inquiries, discreetly veiled, threw no light upon the missing youth. The people on the next floor and the floor below searched their balconies to no avail. Durant was not to be found.

A careful and thorough investigation of the ground in the vicinity of the hotel led to no better results. Living or dead, the boy had disappeared!

"If he is killed, his death lies at your door," Leam cried savagely.

"You are distressed and excited, therefore unjust," Roger answered calmly. "Later you will feel differently. If your brother had been killed we should have found him. In the absence of proof to the contrary, we must believe that he has escaped with life and liberty. I regret the circumstances that led to this no less than you. When he turns up again, you can tell him I will let the matter drop."

"And if he doesn't turn up?" she asked defiantly.

"If you feel anxious, you had better put the matter in the hands of the authorities. If you like, I will communicate with the police to-night."

For a moment she hesitated. She hated Roger Norcot, and the tale of the night's happenings could with cleverness be made to tell heavily against him. A moment's reflection, however, showed her the advantage of keeping the story secret for the time. In the future she might make a more effective use of it.

"Inform the police if you desire," she said coldly. "I have no wish to publish the fact that my unfortunate brother was accused of theft."

"As you like. For my part, as I have promised, I will let the matter end. Good-night, Miss Durant."

He stood before her, calm and self-confident as ever. She was looking her best at the moment. Temper had lent a brilliant colour to her cheeks and lit a dangerous sparkle in her eyes; but to her beauty he was adamant. She might have been a grandmother for all that he regarded her!

As the door closed behind him she laughed softly, mockingly. Then rushed to the glass and studied the face and figure it reflected.

"I shall conquer him yet," she said under her breath.

"He is a man, and no man can remain unconscious of a face like mine. Sooner or later, Roger Norcot, I shall have you at my feet. And then you shall pay for proving me a liar. Yes—"

She paused, and the dark look crept into her eyes. The first thread of the web that was to ensnare Roger Norcot was spun that night!

Roger passed out into the Strand, his usual even temper sadly ruffled. A sweet nature, easy-going, it was but seldom he was roused to wrath. Touch his sense of fairness, however, mete out to him injustice, and he was up in arms at once. The events of the evening had discomposed him. According to his philosophy, Arthur Durant was as deserving of punishment now as an hour ago. And yet had Roger met the boy he could not have restrained an impulse to speak kindly, act generously towards him.

"Perhaps he's not such a hopeless scoundrel, after all," Norcot reflected. "I daresay his sister's responsible for much of his villainy. A bad lot, that woman; a thorough paced had lot!"

At Charing Cross Roger took an omnibus for Highgate. It had struck the half hour, and for a moment the fear darted through his mind that he might arrive at the old house to find that Audrey had already started on her journey to Paris. A moment's reflection reassured him. He had told her that the time of his arrival would be rather uncertain, and she had promised him to await his coming.

It seemed impossible to Roger that he had lived three-and-twenty years without knowing Audrey Carew. He had seen her for the first time a week ago. It seemed incredible a week could make such a difference to a man. The world seemed altered somehow; it was a brighter and more joyous world than he had found it hitherto. Was it possible that life had tuned itself to the smile of a maid? A sweet slip of a thing, with shy, grey eyes and soft, pink cheeks?

He leant back in his seat and pictured her standing at the gate of the old house searching the long white road. He saw, in fancy, the small face light up as she caught sight of him. What a marvellous thing it was that she, the rose of the world, should tolerate him—nay, should hear his faltering words of admiration unrebuked. How he worshipped her, adored her, from the top of her small brown head to the tips of her dainty shoes. Perhaps in time she might feel for him something of this strange new love. At the thought the Heavens seemed illumined, the omnibus became a triumphal car, the desert of grey streets before him blossomed like a rose!

At two-and-twenty years of age Roger Norcot had been summoned from Trinity College, Cambridge, to the death-bed of his father, his only living parent. The latter, an amiable, but unbusinesslike person, left his son two thousand pounds' worth of debts and five hundred pounds to pay them! Roger settled the difficulty in characteristic fashion. By the sale of his father's effects, furniture, paintings, and rare china, he raised sufficient to

settle all claims. The five hundred he handed over to his step-sister, a maiden lady of uncertain age and temper, and faced the world himself with some twenty odd pounds, a little book learning—he had been a dead failure in the schools at the Varsity—and a superb physique.

The latter he rightly regarded as his most valuable asset. He offered himself and his athletic record—no mean one—to a professor of physical culture. He was engaged as assistant teacher at a large gymnasium on the spot.

His salary kept him in comfort and gave him leisure to train for the profession upon which he had set his heart. Roger had decided to enter the prize ring. He had no acquaintance with the sordid side of the calling. He was a stranger to its worst aspects, and had nothing but admiration for a man who made his way and earned his wage by giving and enduring hard knocks.

He had been employed at the gymnasium for some twelve months, and all his spare time, save for that memorable trip to Paris, had been devoted to the science of fisticuffs. He was within measurable distance of arranging a first fight, and up to a week ago had thought of little else.

In comparison with Audrey, however, this great event paled into insignificance. The thought of her, this simple little girl, made the strong man weaken, and by the time he reached the house at Highgate he was hot with anxiety.

She was not at the gate, as he had fondly pictured her, and his heart sank at the omen. Dejectedly he hurried up the gravel path towards the house. As he neared the entrance a soft, low voice called to him. He looked round.

Beside a fragrant thicket of syringa and rose trees stood Audrey, in a simple white gown, her hands full of blossoms.

"You are late," she said. "I thought you were not coming."

"You were disappointed?" he said eagerly, and caught her hands, roses and all, in his.

"A little." Her eyes, half-shy, half-smiling, faltered under his gaze, but he had caught a glimpse of the tenderness the white lids veiled, and, suddenly made bold, slipped his strong arm about her slender waist and held her close.

"I love you, love you, love you!" The words came hot and fast from his eager lips. How could he tell her, how make her understand the passion in his heart? He forgot his poverty, forgot the part he hoped to play in the world, forgot everything, save that he held her close and that her sweet, soft lips were his.

"Darling, I loved you the first moment that you looked at me."

"For shame; it's but a week ago!"

"Impossible! It is ages since we met. Tell me, my heart, my love, my little Audrey, can you trust yourself to me?"

He stood before her in the light of the young moon—a brave face, with fearless eyes and mouth tender as a woman's. She caught her breath; how strong he was, how handsome, and how true! It seemed to the girl that all her life she had been waiting for him. Her life that had been so bare of love!

She wound her arms about his neck and laid her cheek on his.

"I will trust you for ever, darling," she answered, and the wind whispering among the roses seemed to murmur the refrain.

They talked of much that summer evening in the garden, discussed the future, when, his fortune made, Roger could claim her as his bride; deplored the present, which must part them for a time.

Archibald Carew could not be induced to live away from Paris. He was wedded to the gay city. The lovers' only chance of meeting would be such times as Roger could come over.

"I shall be running over often, darling," he said fondly. And the look on her face as she heard the words sent a thrill through his whole frame.

He walked on air that night, and even when the last good-bye uttered, the last kiss given, he stood alone upon the platform at Victoria watching the train that bore his darling out of sight he could hardly realise his good fortune.

The lust of gold seemed an idle thing to him that night, the desire for power a foolishness. For him the greatest thing in the world was the love of a maid, his brown-haired little Audrey. Soon, very soon, they would be married, they— He stopped short, a frown in his blue eyes.

There rose before him the lovely, evil face of Leam. Her eyes gazed into his, her lips mocked him in a subtle smile.

Bah! He was a fool to conjure up such fancies. What had he, what had his love to do with her? Had he but known the thread of his fate and of the girl he loved was bound up inextricably with Leam's! The woman with the violet eyes was to make good her threat!

Audrey was alone in the carriage when the train left Victoria. She was used to travelling, and the absence of spectators had given the lovers opportunity for a few last words. At Herne Hill, however, her privacy was invaded. A tall individual, dressed in a rough serge suit, sauntered down the platform, peered into several of the carriages, entering at last the one where Audrey sat alone.

Occupied with thoughts of Roger, the girl paid little heed to her travelling companion. The man himself, settled in the opposite corner, did not maintain a similar indifference. He gazed at the girl with such a fixed regard that, responding unconsciously to the look, she raised her eyes to his. The face she saw was a strange one; so strange, so sinister did it appear that she had need of all her self-control to keep back the scream that trembled on her lips.

High cheek-boned, with long and narrow eyes, the skin of waxen yellow, the mouth thin-lipped and cruel, the type of countenance was Oriental. The head, many sizes

too small for the huge body, was craned forward, the muscles of the neck strained to full length. The face was stamped with cruelty, like a mask—save for the eyes—of a torturer in the old Inquisition. Under the broad-brimmed, slouching hat she caught a glimpse of a high, bald forehead, a hairless head. She shuddered, and clasped her hands in the effort to keep quiet. He was a Chinaman, for all his English dress; the thin stream of his pigtail loomed through the dusk of the carriage. What was he doing there?—why did he look at her like that? What evil was he planning?

A slender hand, with fingers of prodigious length, was laid upon her arm, and in a voice of ingratiating softness—in strange contrast to the cruel face—the man addressed her.

"You are the grand-daughter of Henry Morton, the jewel dealer?" he asked. It struck her as peculiar that the man should speak such excellent English; it was a rare accomplishment for a Chinaman.

"Yes," said the girl timidly. "Did you know my grandfather?"

"You are called Audrey Carow?" he continued, ignoring her question. "And were named by Henry Morton as a probable heir to his great emerald. Where is the stone?" The impassive face quivered, the eyes shot fire. "Where is the emerald your grandfather stole?"

"I do not know," she answered, trembling. Then, with a flash of courage: "Why do you say my grandfather stole the jewel? It came to him in the course of business."

"He stole it," was the answer; "stole it from the treasures of my master. I was the keeper of the Royal jewels. In an evil hour I let the Englishman gaze on them. And, and—the man's excitement grew intense—he stole the emerald!" he shrieked. "Stole it, and I—Look—look at the price I had to pay for his admission!"

He thrust his left hand under her eyes.

The girl drew back with a cry of horror. Maimed and indescribably disfigured, it had lost all likeness to a human hand; a shapeless mass of deformity, it was an offence to the sight.

"That, and more also," he said hoarsely.

"Was it because the emerald was missing?" she said eagerly.

"I admitted the thief, the hateful Englishman, to see the jewels. I had to pay for his admission. My goods taken, my life threatened, I escaped from my country with the loss of all I cared for. My wife in prison, my son a captive, I—He paused, inarticulate with rage.

"Where is the emerald," he asked once more. "The emerald that will give me back my wife, my child, my honour? If you tell me now, it shall go well with you. Refuse, and you shall pay as heavy a price as I. I know you English. You suffer more than Chinese women. My mother was English. She suffered very much before she died."

"She was not killed because, because—" The girl's face whitened. "It wasn't through the emerald?" she gasped.

He nodded grimly.

"She was tortured to death," he answered. "My wife and son were saved to encourage me to find the jewel. A respite of three years has been granted me. If by then I return the emerald they will be given back to me. If not—" The muscles of his lips twitched horribly. "I will pay you for the stone," he said; "I am rich, very rich. Tell me, where is it hidden?"

"I do not know, indeed, indeed I do not know. If the stone were mine you should have it, and go back to your wife and child. I hate, I fear the thing already. It is a terrible legacy."

"It is The Devil's Eye," he answered, and bent forward so that the dim light of the carriage lamp fell on the stump of his left hand. "You would not like to lose your pretty fingers?" he said softly. "But if you will not tell me where the stone is hidden—"

"On my honour I do not know. You speak as though you'd read grandfather's will. You must have seen for yourself that neither I nor the three others have any knowledge of its whereabouts. In three years' time we shall be told."

"Meantime my wife and child may rot in prison. And I—" He paused, then relapsed into his former impassivity.

"The house has been searched," he said quickly. "Four times have I and others been through it, every nook and cranny. You and the old servant were asleep; your English ears are dull. The servant himself was caught and searched an hour ago. The lawyer's safe has also been examined. Neither the house, the servant, nor the lawyer hold the stone."

"Why do you suspect me?" asked Audrey, terrified at the man's look. "There are three others mentioned in the will."

"The miser hated all but you."

"Where could I hide the stone? Search my bag, if you do not believe me."

"You know who has it." His eyes burnt into hers. "Listen." He laid the yellow fingers on her knee. "The day before the miser died a tall man called to see him; fair, pale, with brown hair, grey eyes, and a long moustache."

"My father," cried Audrey. "He did not come to Highgate. I—"

"You were not there. You had been sent out for the occasion. I tell you I have kept account of all that came to the miser's house. I know who came to-night." The long eyes narrowed, the thin lips curled. "You and your lover made bright dreams of those years you were to pass together. I say that you shall never be his wife until you give up the jewel. Consider, I will pay money, thousands and thousands—what you ask. I will pay money where none is due, because I long to return to my country. Tell me, your father has the jewel?" he added quickly, hoping to surprise an answer.

"He is the last man my grandfather would intrust with such a thing. They have been enemies for quite a long

time. I cannot think why he should have come to Highgate."

"Then it is you who have the emerald? I ask you for the first time to-night. The second time I shall not ask in words. The third—" He paused. Rising to his feet, he bent towards her; her eyes, fascinated, fixed themselves upon the terrible left hand. Nearer, closer it came. It must not touch her; it was a horror too great for words.

With a shriek, she crouched into her corner.

A touch that sent a shudder through her body brushed her face; with a cry of terror she fell back, fainting—and knew no more.

By the time Audrey had fully recovered consciousness the train had reached its destination, and had stopped at Dover. The carriage was empty. Of her late travelling companion there was not a trace!

Not until she was safely on board the steamer did the girl recover from her fright and apprehension. Seated on deck under a star-lit sky, the swish, swish of the waves on the vessel's side calmed her excited nerves. The Chinaman and his threats and grim forebodings seemed very far away. There was nobody on board even remotely resembling the gentleman with the pigtail, and, lulled by the peace of her surroundings, Audrey fell asleep, not waking until they reached Calais.

Archibald Carew met her at the terminus in Paris, and the sight of her father, gay and debonnaire, dispersed the last remnant of the night's terror.

"I'm very glad to have you back again, my dear. Paris has seemed a positive desert without my little girl. What have I been doing? Lots of things, all of them good. I've completed my picture for next year's *salon* and finished off the portrait of the baker and his children. He was delighted, Audrey, and gave me a receipt for my bill on the spot! He has recommended me to our grocer, from whom I also expect a receipt on completion of his daughter's picture! What a woman, Audrey! It is absurd a grocer should have such a beautiful daughter."

Chatting and laughing, the time passed pleasantly until they reached their lodgings. The *concierge* nodded a cheery welcome to the pretty English miss, and, in good spirits with all the world, Audrey tripped upstairs.

The long room serving as studio and sitting-room combined, was bright with flowers, and a dainty lunch was spread upon the table.

"In honour of my little girl," said Archibald, uncorking a bottle of champagne. "Extravagance? Nonsense, child. You do not know the good fortune that has befallen us. Your grandfather, bless him, has confided £500 to my charge for you. He sent for me the very day before he died, and presented me with the money in gold, pledging me to secrecy until his death. Think, Audrey, five hundred golden sovereigns in my possession, and I have not spent one." He threw a canvas bag as he spoke into her lap, and laughed to see the look of pleasure in her eyes.

"I shall bank them this afternoon," he said. "It is too great an ordeal to be with so much gold. My fingers itch to stake it on the bright green cloth. You wouldn't like to risk a hundred at the tables, Audrey? I'm sure to be in luck—I have not played for such a time."

"Let's have a tour in Italy instead," she answered, kissing him. And then, seeing the look of disappointment on his face, her heart contracted. She plunged into the story of the Chinaman, seeking to rouse his interest.

"Father"—the girl came close to him, raising her face to his—"where do you think the emerald has been hidden?"

His face grew suddenly dark; he glanced round suspiciously and hastened to shut the door.

"How should I know?" he answered moodily. "Take my advice, and think no more of it than you can help. It is a mirage. Now *this*—he caught up the bag of gold—"is splendid reality. I'm going off to the bank, Audrey. I shan't be long."

He kissed her on the cheek, and hurried lightly down the stairs. Audrey, depressed at his abrupt departure, occupied herself with household duties till the afternoon faded into the dusk of a summer evening. Worried at her father's prolonged absence, she took up her station at the window, studying each passer by.

Was it possible he had been robbed? Or—the thought was terrible—had he been persuaded to risk the money in one of the many gaming saloons he frequented? The dusk deepened into night, and still he had not returned. Worn out with watching and fatigue, the girl at last decided she would go to bed. If the money were gone, she must accept the inevitable. It would not help matters for her to sit up any later. There were times when Carew did not care to find his daughter waiting for his return. She undressed and went to bed, leaving the door of her bedroom, a small chamber opening out of the studio, ajar.

It might have been two or three hours later that she awoke with a start to find her heart beating loud and fast and a cold perspiration on her forehead. She sat up in bed, oppressed with a feeling of terror. Through the door the studio was visible. At the top of the houses, it boasted a large skylight, opening on to the roof. The moon, at its full, lighted the room with weird distinctness. The skylight was open; the cord suspended from it dangled to and fro, supporting the figure of a man. Slowly and cautiously he descended, alighting on the ground noiselessly as a cat. Fascinated, the girl watched him glance round the room.

Then with a cat-like tread he crossed the floor and walked towards the door of Audrey's room. Cold with terror, she lay down, watching with wide eyes the figure that crept near and nearer. The door was softly pushed, the man stood in the aperture.

The moonbeams fell upon his face—thin lipped, cruel, and impassive. For a second he stood there, motionless as a statue. Then he went forward quickly. She recognised him with a thrill of horror. He was going to demand the emerald for the second time! It was the Chinaman—and he was coming straight towards her! (Another long instalment of this splendid story will appear next week.)

RAGS AND RICHES.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

Author of "Life's Great Handicap," "The Clatter of the Clogs," etc.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX.

The Watch in the Fog.

"I'm glad you're back," Florrie coughed when Letty entered the room. "I've been feeling rather queer—queerer than usual, I mean."

Her hands were terribly hot and dry, her cough hard; her breath came and went in little sobs.

So Letty went out again into the night in search of the doctor.

Overhead a strange blackness hovered. The lights in the street seemed unusually bright; sound travelled slowly and almost softly. The roar and racket of Hellicot Lane was deadened.

Letty felt the difference, an atmospherical difference, and wondered what it foretold. A little later, in street and alley, in house and hovel, a strong, irritating smell of soot and sulphur announced the arrival of a black fog.

It fell slowly, softly, almost affectionately, over the whole great city, folding every object animate and inanimate in its chill embrace, hiding all things from sight.

A strange, secret, silent, filthy beast—the great black fog.

Lady Letty found the doctor just in time; he was snatching a hurried meal, but he left it to accompany her to Edward's Court.

He took Letty outside the garret door after a short examination of Florrie, and told her that the end had practically come.

"It may be days or only hours—the latter I fear. It is wonderful that she has lived so long."

"Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing."

Letty shivered.

This was only the second time she had met Death. He was more terrible in his present mode of coming. Slowly, stealthily, until his presence was only fully realised when he stood outside the garret door chuckling over the doctor's shoulder at Human Impotence.

Can nothing be done? Nothing!

It was such a terrible answer. Death had not entered the house—he was only at the door—yet no power could keep him outside, could delay his coming.

Letty was hardly conscious of the doctor's departure; she stood alone outside the garret for a long time.

She would have to tell Florrie!

But there was no need.

Directly she entered the room and stood by the bed Florrie looked up and smiled quite cheerfully.

"So he's come at last!"

"Who—what do you mean?" Letty stammered, still afraid. "I've been waiting and expecting him so long."

And he's come just at the right time, too. Just as all's got well with you."

Letty folded Florrie in her arms.

"Florrie, dear, I love you so much I can't lose you!"

Florrie's eyes lightened. Not a suspicion of a tear lingered in them now—Death takes all those things away.

"If you only knew how happy I felt," she coughed, "if you only knew! Just tell me yourself that you do love Mr. Lord, and that you will marry him and live happily ever after!"

Letty nodded.

"Yes, dear, I do love him—it's almost too wonderful to speak about. And—if he wants me—I am his."

"I knew it all along," Florrie whispered. "It's a nice world, after all."

Even in Death we long for our hero and heroine to live happily ever after!

The night passed very slowly. Of course, Letty did not leave Edward's Court; she lay by Florrie's side, and sometimes—to please Florrie—pretended to sleep. But she slept after the fashion of the bulldog, with one eye open.

Florrie's cough allowed her no sleep, and the fever no rest.

To and fro she tossed, and if she suffered she hardly realised it, so happy she was.

Now and then she spoke, or coughed—her happiness aloud.

"To think I should have brought them together! I told them that they were in love!"

"God is good to have let me be so happy these past months—and to have had her with me. . . . He sent her to me—to wash away my sins."

The night passed, but day never broke—the black fiend Fog hid the city in darkness.

"Death. I know; you needn't fear for me. I'm not afraid."

A palpable darkness, that could be felt and seen—and smelt!

At nine Letty washed and dressed and prepared breakfast.

"How quickly can one get married?" she asked Florrie suddenly.

Florrie laughed.

"I don't exactly know; I never was married. But I believe a special license will do it in a day or so. Why?"

"I'm in a hurry to get married," Letty cried, forcing a merry laugh. "I'm in a hurry to go on my honeymoon. Away, oh! away out of all this cold, cruel blackness; away to the land of sunshine and flowers and blue sky and blue seas—where you will grow well and strong, Florrie!"

"I'm not marrying him!"

Letty smiled enigmatically. She had been to Nice and Monte Carlo once, and she sat by Florrie's side and told her of the sweet Southern land—described pictures that, to the dying girl, sounded like pictures of Paradise.

"Yes—perhaps I'm going there, if all Mr. Baines says is true," she nodded. "But not with you!"

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

What Young Men Don't Know.

Here is Some Information for
Them.

In dealing with a sweetheart the average young man believes, in the innocence of his heart, that he knows all about girls, but the real truth is that he knows practically nothing—the complex nature of the ordinary female is far beyond his ability to understand.

Let us take such a simple thing as present giving. Now, a young man who possesses a sweetheart gives her little tokens of his regard from time to time, and all honour to him, even although it be merely a bottle of perfume, sandwiched between gloves at one time and handkerchiefs at another.

But what a young man does not usually know is this—presents such as these are not what a girl desires; what she hankers after is something which she can show off to her female friends, for it is the common rule amongst youngish women to make frequent inquiries as to how a girl is faring, so far as presents go, with her lover—this, too, young men are not aware of.

It is the most ordinary thing in the world for one girl to ask another, "Hasn't he given you a bracelet, or anything like that yet?" And, of course, it must be remembered that whilst perfumes and other trifles are acceptable enough to a young woman, still, no amount of these can ever compare with, say, a pretty bangle.

Young men are very dense after all; just take this example. One night a girl and her lover are chatting to another girl, who wears a very pretty sable necklet. The girl bids them adieu, and goes her way, whereupon the lady tells her lover that Mary's sweetheart gave her that necklet on her last birthday.

The young man hears the statement, but heeds it not; he does not understand that she is, in reality, asking him for, perhaps, a sable muff! Yet, it is just some sort of feeling that she is not getting her due which prompts a girl to draw her lover's attention to any article which another female is wearing.

To put it shortly, a girl does not care to see other young women flaunting outward and visible tokens of affection, whilst she perhaps can only wave a patchouli-scented handkerchief in the air as a sign that her lover gives her anything at all, and a poor enough sign it is in the eyes of other young women who are more fortunate.

Of course, it will be understood that it is engaged couples we are dealing with here, for naturally, unattached girls will not accept such valuable gifts from young men; that would be contrary to good taste, to say the very least of it.

Then, to take another view of the matter, young men are woefully ignorant as to what girls mean by certain very ordinary remarks in conversation. Most men, of course, have a notion that a girl's "Yes," really means "No," but a female can say either of these in so many different and subtle ways, that only an expert could rightly interpret exactly what she means, and it is never safe for a youth to assume that a girl agrees with him simply because she seems to acquiesce in his views.

A young fellow, for instance, mentions that he intends taking his sweetheart to a place of entertainment, and gives her the choice of, say, the Squib

Theatre, and the Bawling Hall; in the former a splendid play is being performed nightly, and in the latter a concert party give an entertainment each evening.

The girl hesitates; the theatre would be just delightful, she admits, but "you're so fond of singing, Tom, aren't you; hadn't we better go to the Bawling hall? But just as you wish, of course," she concludes.

A hundred to one he closes the matter by deciding to go to the hall there and then, and, of course, displeases the girl; the question about his being fond of singing, and the remark, "just as you wish," should tell any sensible man that she did not desire to visit the concert hall, but really wanted to go to the theatre and see the play.

And so it is in many other ways; a youth blunders along, displeasing a girl here, and annoying her there, whilst all the time he labours under the impression that he is gratifying her in every respect, simply by reason of the fact that he does not properly understand her.

No, most young men do not know how to treat or deal with a girl at all; a youth fancies that a girl is the exact antithesis of himself, and on that hypothesis he bases his conduct towards her, but perhaps he makes a very huge mistake; or perhaps he believes her to be very much like himself as regards temperament, and may make even a greater mistake; you never know, and of course a young man's position prevents him boldly asking a girl to explain matters which puzzle him sorely.

St. George for England!

Some Interesting Facts about
England's Patron Saint.

APRIL 23rd is "England's Day." The anniversary of the martyrdom of our tutelary saint is a fitting date for Englishmen to specially observe in such a manner as shall best help to maintain and foster the national spirit.

By a strange coincidence April 23rd is also the anniversary of Shakespeare's death, and the fact lends an additional interest to our national celebrations. The poet whose writings have given to English literature a premier place in the literature of the world, who was associated with the most central spot in England's soil, Stratford-on-Avon, is very properly remembered when we celebrate "England's Day."

The Royal Society of St. George is an influential organisation, whose main business it is to revive the observance of this day, at home and abroad. The object of the organisation is "to strengthen and maintain that spirit of nationality and sentiment of race which should associate all of kindred blood wherever dispersed."

Scotland, Ireland, and Wales keep their national festivals, and in doing so they have the sympathy and admiration of all other portions of the Empire. We do not consider a Scotsman any less a Britisher because he is proud of the traditions of the great nation to which he belongs.

The Welshman celebrates his Eisteddfod. We all become musical in sympathy. The Irishman has St. Patrick's day, and all our shops display their national colour.

Naturally at this time a good deal of interest is

revived in St. George. It is probable that a good many people still regard him as a very mythical person, and even if they show a willingness to believe in him as a character of history, there is often an implied doubt in the way in which they hastily add: "But I can't quite swallow the dragon, you know."

The dragon is probably symbolical of the pagan idolatries that were overcome by the martyr-saint, and as such has its right to live among our national emblems. But for St. George we may claim more.

He was a native of Lydda in Palestine, where he was born about the year 281 A.D., of Greek parents of high family.

A favourite of the great Diocletian, he became a distinguished general, winning great honours for his valour and chivalry. Dr. Clapton regards it as probable that he was sent by Diocletian to Britain, which after a brief independence had been re-conquered and restored to the Empire, and where at the time the joint-emperor Constantius (the father of Constantine the Great) and Helena his wife were living.

In order to reach York, the Emperor's residence, St. George would have sailed through the Oceanus Hibernicus, or Irish Channel, which has been known since as "St. George's Channel."

It may be assumed that it was through his instrumentality that the Empress Helena was converted to Christianity, and through her, her son Constantine, whereby the whole Roman world in matters of religion was changed. Thus, symbolically, St. George killed the heathen dragon.

It was about this time that Diocletian began to persecute the Christians and issued his famous edict. St. George hurried back to endeavour, by using his great personal influence, to end the massacres.

This failing, he declared open war against the tyrant, and lost his life in consequence. Eusebius speaks of the incident in the following words:

"Immediately on the promulgation of the edict, a certain man of no mean origin, but highly esteemed for his temporal dignities . . . took it as it was openly placed, and tore it to pieces as a most profane and wicked act. . . . This man . . . preserved his mind calm and serene until the moment when his spirit fled."

It is a little unfortunate that the great historian Gibbon, in writing upon St. George, confused him with the Arian George of Cappadocia, Archbishop of Alexandria.

This George was as big a villain as we find in history.

He became immensely rich by robbery, became an archbishop by fraud, and at the end turned out such a despicable character, that his own people lynched him, and cast his body into the sea.

For a long time this error of Gibbon's was allowed to pass, but it is now certain that there was a clear fifty years between the two Georges, and that a church had been erected at Constantinople in memory of the martyr in A.D. 346; that is at a time when the other George was still making himself rich by robbery and swindling.

Fun in Flittings.

"Moving" Spectacles in
Furniture Vans.

A STRANGE scene was that enacted the other day in the topmost storey of some high tenement houses which face each other in a narrow court of one of the poorest quarters of a great Northern city.

A man named McGrath, in the sixth storey of one of the houses, was "fitting" into the corresponding storey of the opposite building; and, to save himself the trouble of carrying his household goods down half a dozen flights of stairs, and across the court, in order to carry them up half a dozen other flights in the opposite building, he was actually throwing them, or, at all events, part of them, across the intervening space betwixt the window of the room he was quitting and that of the apartment on the opposite side which he proposed to make his new abode.

"Go, it, McGrath!" yelled the crowd below encouragingly, as pans, chairs, portions of the bedstead, and even a small table were hurled across and caught by Mrs. McGrath on the other side. Loud were the cheers when the cat went across too, tied in a bolster; and it almost looked as if the baby were going to go across in the same way, when the police below took it into their heads to interfere.

A gentleman named Warbreck, though open-handed enough in many respects, was singularly cheapsparing in some minor matters. For instance, he took it into his head to "move" his household from the centre of the Midland city where he had his abode, to a residential suburb where resided many of his clerks.

It sounds almost incredible, but, merely to save the

trifling expense, Mr. Warbreck compelled each unfortunate subordinate who lived in the suburb referred to, each night to carry to the new house some article of furniture.

As may be imagined, more than one poor fellow had altercations with officials on the score of "railway luggage," and was even assaulted by fellow passengers for wanting to introduce articles of his employer's bedroom furniture into the compartment with him. Even the typines agreed that it was a "horrid shame," and cried at night when they got home because Mr. Warbreck had made them leave kettles and baby-chairs at the "new house."

People like Mr. Warbreck notwithstanding, it is pleasant to think that many working men never allow their "mates" to go to any expense in the matter of "fitting." Particularly is this the case in the North of England.

Hearing that a fellow workman proposes to "move" on a particular night, three or four of his mates will borrow a handcart, or a pony and cart, and be on the spot ready to give a hand when the time comes. Their only reward is an invitation to the "house-warming," a festival which occurs when everything has been made spick and span in the new dwelling.

Nor is it more than a few months since hundreds of board school boys invaded the house of a favourite teacher, a Mr. Parish, one evening after school. They had heard that he was going to "fit," and were determined to come and give a hand.

Mr. Parish wasn't in, but, despite all the remonstrances of Mrs. Parish, they seized upon the furniture, and carried the greater part of it through the streets to an empty house indicated by a boy named Bateson. Bateson's information, however, was all wrong, for it turned out that Mr. Parish had no intention of flitting at all.

Thereupon the boys carried the furniture all back again, and put it in its place. And when Mr. Parish came home, instead of being angry, he was so pleased at this evidence of his boys' regard, that he sent out to the tram office for five shillingworth of coppers, for which the lads had a glorious scramble out in the street.

As for "shooting the moon," that was an exciting chase in the West End the other night, when a smart young bachelor named Brownlow executed a real moonlight flit with his motor-car.

Young Brownlow owed rent to his landlord, and during the absence of the "man in possession" at his flat, he and his chauffeur effected a burglarious entry. The young man couldn't take everything, of course, but he contrived to get some of the choicest of his possessions in the tonneau of his motor.

Brass bedsteads and other domestic items were piled up in the car. It was a strange sight. The landlord and a friend chased the pair in another motor round and round the West End and half-way on the road to Brighton, before Brownlow and his chauffeur forged finally ahead and out of sight.

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At first these stories were received with considerable doubt, but there continued to come



reports of men and women being restored to health after years of suffering. Chronic and so-called incurable invalids were brought back to perfect health. There seemed no disease or disease but what he might cure. Thousands of patients were treated by the doctor, until his name and the fame of his marvellous remedies spread all over the civilized world. Investigation has proven every assertion made by Dr. Kidd. Some of the stories told and letters received from grateful patients seem to indicate that this man's remedies possess a mysterious power over disease. No matter how severe the case, how chronic, of how long standing, what other men have said or failed to do—these are the cases he especially solicits, because they give him a chance to prove his superior ability.

When asked the secret of his success, the doctor modestly answers that it is partly due to the wonderful remedies which he uses, and partly to the careful attention given each case. He treats patients all over the civilized world by mail, and seems equally as successful as though they were present in his office. His greatest ambition is to give every sick, afflicted, and suffering man and woman in the world a chance to try his wonderful treatment. In an interview recently the doctor said, "I believe that I have discovered a way to relieve most of the suffering from sickness and disease in the world, and I believe that it is my duty as far as possible to make this fact known to all. For this reason I am offering to send a free treatment to every applicant, rich or poor, no matter where they live, no matter what their disease. I am not a rich man, and cannot afford to always give my medicines away, but I am going to continue as long as possible or until every afflicted person has had a chance to try and satisfy themselves without expending one restriction. Distance is no barrier. I cure as readily thousands of miles away as in my office. A letter does just as well as a personal visit."

The above statement appeared in all the leading American papers, and from there to the English Press. As a result Dr. Kidd's mail has been flooded with applications for free treatment. All have been answered promptly, but still they continue to come. For the benefit of his thousands of patients in the British Empire, the doctor has been compelled to establish an office in London. To secure a free treatment it is only necessary to address Dr. James W. Kidd, 423, Saracen's Buildings, Snow-hill, London, E.C., being sure to describe your case. Remember that the doctor treats all diseases, from the simplest and earliest to the so-called incurable and chronic afflictions. There is no disease that he may not cure. In view of Dr. Kidd's marvellous success, his standing among America's most famous physicians, his reputation for honesty and integrity, this offer affords a remarkable opportunity to all who are sick and in need of medical help. It means a chance to get well. It means the opinion and advice of one of the world's most famous and successful physicians on your case absolutely free.

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Mr. G. PINK, a Baker, was cured of a RUPTURE

BY THE RICE METHOD, AND PRONOUNCED CURED BY HIS DOCTOR.

"Since receiving your last letter I thought I would let my doctor examine my rupture, and to my surprise he said it was cured and I had no need to wear a truss. I am sure it is to the Rice Method I owe my gratitude. I had an operation for rupture, but it failed, and then your method cured me. I shall be only too pleased to recommend it."

This is the statement made by Mr. G. Pink, a Baker, 53 Winchester Road, Eastleigh, Hants. Some people believe that an operation alone will cure, and never take the trouble to investigate any other method of cure. They fear to undergo an operation though, and continue to wear a steel or spring truss that causes them as much trouble as the rupture itself. Others have tried the Rice Method and have been cured. Mr. Pink is one of them, but even he tried the operation first. It failed, and now he is loud in his praise of the Rice Method. Thousands of men, women and children have been cured by it and have given their unsolicited testimonials. Why don't you try it?



MR. G. PINK.

You can obtain free, upon application, a book which tells all about rupture and this method of cure. Write for it at once, for yourself if you are ruptured, for your friend if you are not ruptured. It is a valuable book and should be in every household. Address, **W. S. RICE, Rupture Specialist (Dept. 2253), 8 & 9 Stonecutter St., London, E.C.**



TUBAL CAIN works in a laundry; he is assistant manager to his father, and, I gather, hates the business. He writes bitterly about it, and says that when at school he never admitted what his father was, but lied about it. I find no fault with your father or his business, TUBAL CAIN. I respect him very much. But I do find fault with you. I suppose and hope your father is running the business at a profit. He found a ready occupation for you when you left school, and he gave you a good education, for your letter tells me that. His trust is in you to carry on the business when he is gone, for the benefit of yourself and the rest of the family. He made one mistake. He made you assistant manager instead of a collar dresser. He should have started you on the lowest rung of the ladder. But I think you have sense enough to put that right. Learn the details of your business, that is the best advice I can give you, and then, as you have come to me for advice, you can presently embark on some new line which will be more congenial to you. But don't ruin your father's hopes and your own prosperity by failing to put your whole heart into the work you are now doing. You can still look into the future. I have not intended to be unkind in anything I have said, only kindly. Think this over, and perhaps some day you will live to thank me. And remember, as you read, that you had so little faith in me, even when you asked my advice, that you had not the right spirit in you to put your name or address on your letter.

GEORGE.—It is a generally accepted opinion that the habitual smoker gets no satisfaction out of smoking in the dark; he must see the smoke to enjoy his pipe. I have known only one blind man who smoked.

It seems that Exeter is not the only town in the country which prohibits street piano-organs. An Italian gentleman writes to tell me that the same bye-law is enforced at Windsor, and that any member of the organ-grinding fraternity who starts to play in the Royal borough is promptly moved on by the police.

R. C. writes: "I beg to inform you of the fact, which, being peculiar, is none the less true, and in order that you may enlighten your readers, that Easter Sunday always comes just one day before the day after the day before Easter Monday, and Good Friday two days after the day before the day after the day two days before Good Friday. No doubt this is explained by yesterday always coming one day before the day after the day before to-day, but to-morrow is never anything but one day before the day after the day after to-day."—Thanks.

A. P. asks: "What would you do in a dilemma of this kind? A lady friend of mine lent me several novels; another lady friend who was at variance with her happened to call upon me, and, seeing the books, said they belonged to her, and desired me to return them when read to her. It seems impossible to avoid offending one of these ladies."—No doubt! But your duty is clear. It was wrong of the first lady to lend you books which had been lent to her, but you must return them to the same person. You might have been quick-witted enough to say to the second lady that honour on your part dictated such a course. She would have liked you for the manliness of it, and you would have avoided offending either. Better write this to the second lady now.

R. D. W. says: "Buying *Pearson's Weekly* has been a habit in our family for years. The paper started it. Personally I don't think it is worth buying, but it's not easy to get rid of a habit, and it's a sort of link with the past, so I suppose we shall still buy it. I don't know of any other weekly publication that is better than *Pearson's*, and I get more real enjoyment from the reading of your Notebook than I do from the rest of the paper. You asked for this, and you've got it."—I don't object. As I said in the Notebook recently, I can take correction and discipline very well. I like it. One learns more from a note of honest correction than a long letter of unstinted praise. But you would not edit this paper, R. D. W., better than I do. I cannot give you more instructive articles than I give. *Pearson's Weekly* is already more instructive and more plainly educational to the inquiring mind than any paper of its class. Remember that young children read it, and boys and girls, and men and women. It is a paper for the whole family. And during the time you have been a reader two series of articles have appeared on insurance matters, and nearly two hundred articles entitled *Workers and their Work*, which were stories of success in modern commercial or literary life. How did you come to miss these?

THE results of the "P.W." Competition, the "Word Value" Contest (second task), and the "Design" Competition will appear next week.

M. C. says that his employers, when removing recently down the street, placed a notice in the window with the legend, "Going below." A barber, who was the incoming tenant, placed this notice in the window of the shop he was vacating: "Going above." "Is this profanity?" asks M. C.—Certainly not, providing no ulterior thought actuated either of the persons concerned.

W. T. sends me the following little anecdote: "Little Barbara having been sent to school on a very rough and boisterous day, returned home in rather a sorry plight, clothes wet, umbrella damaged, and yet withal a happy face. Her mother, questioning the child respecting the damaged umbrella, Barbara replied that it had turned inside out, and when asked how she got it back, replied quickly, 'Why, I put the stalk down on the pavement, and turned the leaves back one by one.'"

CAN you solve the following puzzle? A man had ten bags of sovereigns, each bag containing such a sum in pounds that he was able to pay any amount of money from £1 to £1,000 without opening any of the bags. What sum was in each bag?

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to each of the first twenty-five readers who send in correct solutions. Attempts must be made on post-cards, which must reach the Sovereign Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., before first post Tuesday morning, April 25th.

R. N. Q. asks if there is such a thing nowadays as a "game of sport." He says that the idea of football clubs buying players and paying them salaries cannot be looked upon as a sport, but as a dividend-paying business.—The phrase, "a game of sport," seems to me almost as bewildering as that well-known flight of fancy, "a job of work." There are, of course, hundreds of games of football every week into which business considerations have not entered. Where, however, a football match becomes a spectacle as well as a contest between the rival clubs it is natural that the promoters of the match should desire to give the public the best show for its money. The fact that the public appreciates these efforts is sufficient justification of them.

T. W. T.-K. writes: In reading your admirable notes in the current issue of *P.W.* I was particularly struck with that par. which refers to some reader who has been annoyed with the result of one of the competitions. And because he has not been a winner, he is not only going to cease reading the paper, but he intends to do his level best to persuade his friends to do the same thing. I have had a wide range of experience in competitions. Yes! I started twelve years ago. For some time I met with no success. But I was patient and persevering, and those two P's have brought me, in twelve years, over £100. I have entered all sorts of competitions—short story, anecdote, joke, picture puzzles, anagrams, jumbled words, etc., etc. One Saturday afternoon, in order to advertise a certain London paper (a competition), I attired myself in a nigger costume and "top" hat and paraded the principal thoroughfares here & there sandwich man. For those three hours I was awarded a prize of two guineas. The feat wanted some pluck, air, but I was enthusiastic, you see. My biggest uphill task has been in connection with short tales (from 2,000 to 5,000 words). Tale after tale was returned, but I became determined all the more, and at last, sir, my reward came. So much so that two years ago I wrote a novel (60,000 words), and it has been used in serial form by the *NORTHERN WEEKLY* (Ed. Allen Clarke) and the *NORFOLK DAILY STANDARD*. Then I have written five dialogues (humorous), all of which have been accepted and published. The guinea each I received for these dialogues has not, of course, paid me for the time and brain work involved, but in all my career the monetary aspect has always been with me a second consideration. No matter what the competition has been, I have never grumbled if I have drawn a blank, for two reasons: (1) Because I extracted joy and pleasure in the undertaking; and (2) because I believed that better efforts than mine were submitted and were far more worthy of the prizes. All my literary work and competitions have been done in my leisure moments. I am a compositor, and work nine hours daily.

E. M. asks "why folks mostly say that it is impossible to be honest in business." He says he thinks we may still stick to the old proverb that honesty is the best policy, and can prove in his own case that you can be honest and still succeed in business.—You are quite right, E. M. It is, I believe, an undisputed fact that there are a large number of successful businesses in London to-day that are conducted on positively honest lines. I have on several occasions dealt with tradesmen and others without being cheated in any way, and I should not be surprised to hear that others have had the same luck. People who allege that it is impossible to be honest in business are suffering from a well-recognised moral complaint. The natural tendency of every man is to justify his conduct in his own eyes, as no man is a sinner to himself. If he has decided to be dishonest in business, he declares such a course to be general in order that he may shelter himself behind the excuse. I have heard that pickpockets and burglars defend themselves on the ground that they are useful members of society, helping to distribute more evenly its surplus wealth. When once a man breaks away from the accepted standard of rectitude, there is very little in the way of error that he cannot justify—to himself. If you hear a tradesman, therefore, saying that it is impossible to be honest in business, you should make a point of dealing elsewhere. The fact is that no lasting success is even remotely possible in these days except on the lines of absolute honesty and fair-dealing.

A. C. B.—Don't go monkeying with substitutes for tobacco. If your doctor says you must smoke less, the best remedy I know is to keep a small amount in your pouch and make up your mind to smoke that only in the course of one day. But there has never been a harmless substitute for tobacco.

"I HAVE often wondered," writes F. G. N., "why certain men wear astrachan on the collar and cuffs of their overcoats. It can't possibly be to keep themselves warm. What's the idea?"

Mostly to cover up poverty underneath. I often notice that the shabbier a young man's trousers the more astrachan he wears on his collar and cuffs.

I AM continually receiving applications from readers for my photograph. Many of them go so far as to offer to pay for it. I am sorry that I cannot oblige these readers. I think, on the whole, that if they have a good opinion of their old Editor's appearance they had better keep it. If they saw his photograph it might give them a shock.

J. O. N.—There are many legends and proverbs about women whistling. One says that every time a woman whistles the heart of the Blessed Virgin bleeds. Another that

A whistling woman and a crowing hen
Are neither good for God or men.

As to whether it is actually unlucky, I cannot tell. In the case of small boys it is. Several of them have been nearly crippled for life for whistling "Blue-bell" and "Bedelia" on press days when I have been searching for those lofty thoughts and fine phrases for which I am so admired. With regard to your second question, whether it is becoming for a woman to whistle, I think it must be. I remember many, many years ago sitting on the sofa with a young woman who tried to whistle, and she got her lips pursed up into such a delicious tangle that I kissed them. There was nothing unlucky about that either for me or the girl, J. O. N.

The Insurance Coupon on this page holds good for any number of insurance claims of £2,000 each under the conditions stated there. If two or more people are killed in an accident to the train in which they are travelling—provided they are ordinary ticket-bearing passengers—then the next-of-kin of each of them is entitled to claim £2,000. In the case of most other papers offering insurance claims it will be found that only the first claim received will be recognised, and that subsequent claims will be disallowed, or £100 only is paid. In this respect *Pearson's Weekly* system of insurance differs from most other systems.

£2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE.
£100 CYCLING

487 Claims already paid, including one of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2,000—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of being killed by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, who met his death at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have paid a twelve-month subscription for *Pearson's Weekly* in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Rules No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. A person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature _____
Available from 5 p.m. Wednesday, April 19th, 1905,
until midnight, Friday, April 28th, 1905.

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Note.—A pencil-case will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

Dewar's

Exactly suits the popular taste. Purity proved beyond all doubt. Grows in demand everywhere because of its excellence. Famous for truth and charm of flavour developed by great age.

Whisky

PURE COD LIVER OIL
GUARANTEED PURE
1½ PINTS 25/-
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Or any other present from our catalogue including Photographs. We give a solid silver watch (either lady's or gents', by name or by value) to any person sending one packet of our pictorial post-cards, and to encourage everyone to try, even though you only call in once, we give you a silver watch time-keeper, warranted for 5 years. Write at once, a post-card will do.

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are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

Shortland.—Interesting Lesson sent free on receipt of postcard. National System, holding World's record. London Commercial College (Dept. 12), 71 High Holborn, London.

Buy Whalley's Eagle Washing and Dyeing Machine.—"the best."—Eagle Foundry, Leamington. Agents Wanted.

Cameras, Kodaks, etc.—Cash or weekly or monthly payments. Illustrated catalogue free. T. J. C. Co., Department F, 110 Shaftsbury Avenue, London, W.

To Ladies Gentler's Pills have proved themselves a boon. 7/-, 2/- & 1/- per box from F. W. Baldwin, Chemist, Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

Kosmos, Red Legs, Skin Diseases. Cured by Dr. Victor's Ointment. Try it for your own sake. Send 1/4 or 2/6 for Ointment and genuine testimonials. Dr. Victor's, 120 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value per return, or other made. Messrs. A. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 125 Oxford Street, London. (Established 185 years.)

Cigar Bands for decorative purposes. 6d., 1/-, 1/6. Send 4 stamps 2/- samples (50 various) and select your own designs. H. R. Cigar Merchant, Slough.

45 Weekly Handily Made in the remnant trade. Experience time saving. Send stamp. Palestine Warehouse, Department F, 55 Faulkner St., Manchester.

Guinness.—American Organ, "Saxley" Model, 11 stops, including 3 knee stops and the beautiful solo stop, vox celeste, and vox humana, 3-octave couplers, handsome high case, in use about 6 months; 30 years' warranty; easy terms arranged on approval; packing and carriage free both ways; full price paid will be allowed within three years if exchanged for higher class instrument. D. Almaine & Co. (established 185 years), 51 Finsbury Pavement, City. Open till 11; Saturdays, 2.

15 Guineas.—Piano, "Duchess" Model, by D. Almaine (established 185 years); solid iron frame, upright grand, full compass, full trichord, celeste stop, etc.; in handsome carved case. 25 inches in width; in use only 4 months; sent on approval; carriage free both ways; 30 years' warranty; easy terms arranged; full price paid will be allowed if exchanged for a higher class instrument within three years. D. Almaine & Co. (established 185 years), 51 Finsbury Pavement, City. Open till 11; Saturdays, 2.

Mean-Duplicate Shortland saves a year's experience. Highest speed. Interesting book. 6/-, 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, 4/-, 5/-, 6/-, 7/-, 8/-, 9/-, 10/-, 11/-, 12/-, 13/-, 14/-, 15/-, 16/-, 17/-, 18/-, 19/-, 20/-, 21/-, 22/-, 23/-, 24/-, 25/-, 26/-, 27/-, 28/-, 29/-, 30/-, 31/-, 32/-, 33/-, 34/-, 35/-, 36/-, 37/-, 38/-, 39/-, 40/-, 41/-, 42/-, 43/-, 44/-, 45/-, 46/-, 47/-, 48/-, 49/-, 50/-, 51/-, 52/-, 53/-, 54/-, 55/-, 56/-, 57/-, 58/-, 59/-, 60/-, 61/-, 62/-, 63/-, 64/-, 65/-, 66/-, 67/-, 68/-, 69/-, 70/-, 71/-, 72/-, 73/-, 74/-, 75/-, 76/-, 77/-, 78/-, 79/-, 80/-, 81/-, 82/-, 83/-, 84/-, 85/-, 86/-, 87/-, 88/-, 89/-, 90/-, 91/-, 92/-, 93/-, 94/-, 95/-, 96/-, 97/-, 98/-, 99/-, 100/-, 101/-, 102/-, 103/-, 104/-, 105/-, 106/-, 107/-, 108/-, 109/-, 110/-, 111/-, 112/-, 113/-, 114/-, 115/-, 116/-, 117/-, 118/-, 119/-, 120/-, 121/-, 122/-, 123/-, 124/-, 125/-, 126/-, 127/-, 128/-, 129/-, 130/-, 131/-, 132/-, 133/-, 134/-, 135/-, 136/-, 137/-, 138/-, 139/-, 140/-, 141/-, 142/-, 143/-, 144/-, 145/-, 146/-, 147/-, 148/-, 149/-, 150/-, 151/-, 152/-, 153/-, 154/-, 155/-, 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TURAL CAIN works in a laundry; he is assistant manager to his father, and, I gather, hates the business. He writes bitterly about it, and says that when at school he never admitted what his father was, but lied about it. I find no fault with your father or his business, TURAL CAIN. I respect him very much. But I do find fault with you. I suppose and hope your father is running the business at a profit. He found a really occupation for you when you left school, and he gave you a good education, for your letter tells me that. His trust is in you to carry on the business when he is gone, for the benefit of yourself and the rest of the family. He made one mistake. He made you assistant manager instead of a collar dresser. He should have started you on the lowest rung of the ladder. But I think you have sense enough to put that right. Learn the details of your business, that is the best advice I can give you, and then, as you have come to me for advice, you can presently embark on some new line which will be more congenial to you. But don't ruin your father's hopes and your own prosperity by failing to put your whole heart into the work you are now doing. You can still look into the future. I have not intended to be unkind in anything I have said, only kindly. Think this over, and perhaps some day you will live to thank me. And remember, as you read, that you had so little faith in me, even when you asked my advice, that you had not the right spirit in you to put your name or address on your letter.

GEORGE.—It is a generally accepted opinion that the habitual smoker gets no satisfaction out of smoking in the dark; he must see the smoke to enjoy his pipe. I have known only one blind man who smoked.

It seems that Exeter is not the only town in the country which prohibits street piano-organs. An Italian gentleman writes to tell me that the same bye-law is enforced at Windsor, and that any member of the organ-grinding fraternity who starts to play in the Royal borough is promptly moved on by the police.

R. C. writes: "I beg to inform you of the fact, which, being peculiar, is none the less true, and in order that you may enlighten your readers, that Easter Sunday always comes just one day before the day after the day before Easter Monday, and Good Friday two days after the day before the day after the day two days before Good Friday. No doubt this is explained by yesterday always coming one day before the day after the day before to-day, but to-morrow is never anything but one day before the day after the day after to-day." — Thanks.

A. P. asks: "What would you do in a dilemma of this kind? A lady friend of mine lent me several novels; another lady friend who was at variance with her happened to call upon me, and, seeing the books, said they belonged to her, and desired me to return them when read to her. It seems impossible to avoid offending one of these ladies." — No doubt! But your duty is clear. It was wrong of the first lady to lend you books which had been lent to her, but you must return them to the same person. You might have been quick-witted enough to say to the second lady that honour on your part dictated such a course. She would have liked you for the manliness of it, and you would have avoided offending either. Better write this to the second lady now.

R. D. W. says: "Buying *Pearson's Weekly* has been a habit in our family for years. The father started it. Personally I don't think it is worth buying, but it's not easy to get rid of a habit, and it's a sort of link with the past, so I suppose we shall still buy it. I don't know of any other weekly publication that is better than *Pearson's*, and I get more real enjoyment from the reading of your Notebook than I do from the rest of the paper. You asked for this, and you've got it." — I don't object. As I said in the Notebook recently, I can take correction and discipline very well. I like it. One learns more from a note of honest correction than a long letter of unstinted praise. But you would not edit this paper, R. D. W., better than I do. I cannot give you more instructive articles than I give. *Pearson's Weekly* is already more instructive and more plainly educational to the inquiring mind than any paper of its class. Remember that young children read it, and boys and girls, and men and women. It is a paper for the whole family. And during the time you have been a reader two series of articles have appeared on insurance matters, and nearly two hundred articles entitled *Workers and their Work*, which were stories of success in modern commercial or literary life. How did you come to miss these?

THE results of the "P.W." Competition, the "Word Value" Contest (second task), and the "Design" Competition will appear next week.

M. C. says that his employers, when removing recently down the street, placed a notice in the window with the legend, "Going below." A barber, who was the incoming tenant, placed this notice in the window of the shop he was vacating: "Going above." "Is this profanity?" asks M. C. — Certainly not, providing no ulterior thought actuated either of the persons concerned.

W. T. sends me the following little anecdote: "Little Barbara having been sent to school on a very rough and boisterous day, returned home in rather a sorry plight, clothes wet, umbrella damaged, and yet with a happy face. Her mother, questioning the child respecting the damaged umbrella, Barbara replied that it had turned inside out, and when asked how she got it back, replied quickly, 'Why, I put the stalk down on the pavement, and turned the leaves back one by one!'"

CAN you solve the following puzzle? A man had ten bags of sovereigns, each bag containing such a sum in pounds that he was able to pay any amount of money from £1 to £1,000 without opening any of the bags. What sum was in each bag?

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to each of the first twenty-five readers who send in correct solutions. Attempts must be made on post-cards, which must reach the Sovereign Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., before first post Tuesday morning, April 25th.

R. N. Q. asks if there is such a thing nowadays as a "game of sport." He says that the idea of football clubs buying players and paying them salaries cannot be looked upon as a sport, but as a dividend-paying business. — The phrase, "a game of sport," seems to me almost as bewildering as that well-known flight of fancy, "a job of work." There are, of course, hundreds of games of football every week into which business considerations have not entered. Where, however, a football match becomes a spectacle as well as a contest between the rival clubs it is natural that the promoters of the match should desire to give the public the best show for its money. The fact that the public appreciates these efforts is sufficient justification of them.

T. W. T.-K. writes: In reading your admirable notes in the current issue of *P.W.* I was particularly struck with that par, which refers to some reader who has been annoyed with the result of one of the competitions. And because he has not been a winner, he is not only going to cease reading the paper, but he intends to do his level best to persuade his friends to do the same thing. I have had a wide range of experience in competitions. Yes! I started twelve years ago. For some time I met with no success. But I was patient and persevering, and those two P's have brought me, in twelve years, over £100. I have entered all sorts of competitions—short story, anecdote, joke, picture puzzles, anagrams, jumbled words, etc. One Saturday afternoon, in order to advertise a certain London paper (a competition), I attired myself in a nigger costume and "top" hat and paraded the principal thoroughfares here *à la* sandwich man. For these three hours I was awarded a prize of two guineas. The feat wanted some pluck, sir, but I was enthusiastic, you see. My biggest uphill task has been in connection with short tales (from 2,000 to 5,000 words). Tale after tale was returned, but I became determined all the more, and at last, sir, my reward came. So much so that two years ago I wrote a novel (60,000 words), and it has been used in serial form by the *NORTHERN WEEKLY* (Ed. Allen Clarke) and the *NORFOLK DAILY STANDARD*. Then I have written five dialogues (humorous), all of which have been accepted and published. The guinea each I received for these dialogues has not, of course, paid me for the time and brain work involved, but in all my career the monetary aspect has always been with me a second consideration. No matter what the competition has been, I have never grumbled if I have drawn a blank, for two reasons: (1) Because I extracted joy and pleasure in the undertaking; and (2) because I believed that better efforts than mine were submitted and were far more worthy of the prizes. All my literary work and competitions have been done in my leisure moments. I am a compositor, and work nine hours daily.

E. M. asks "why folks mostly say that it is impossible to be honest in business." He says he thinks we may still stick to the old proverb that honesty is the best policy, and can prove in his own case that you can be honest and still succeed in business.

—You are quite right, E. M. It is, I believe, an undisputed fact that there are a large number of successful businesses in London to-day that are conducted on positively honest lines. I have on several occasions dealt with tradesmen and others without being cheated in any way, and I should not be surprised to hear that others have had the same luck. People who allege that it is impossible to be honest in business are suffering from a well-recognised moral complaint. The natural tendency of every man is to justify his conduct in his own eyes, as no man is a sinner to himself. If he has decided to be dishonest in business, he declares such a course to be general in order that he may shelter himself behind the excuse. I have heard that pickpockets and burglars defend themselves on the ground that they are useful members of society, helping to distribute more evenly its surplus wealth. When once a man breaks away from the accepted standard of rectitude, there is very little in the way of error that he cannot justify—to himself. If you hear a tradesman, therefore, saying that it is impossible to be honest in business, you should make a point of dealing elsewhere. The fact is that no lasting success is even remotely possible in these days except on the lines of absolute honesty and fair-dealing.

A. C. B.—Don't go monkeying with substitutes for tobacco. If your doctor says you must smoke less, the best remedy I know is to keep a small amount in your pouch and make up your mind to smoke that only in the course of one day. But there has never been a harmless substitute for tobacco.

"I HAVE often wondered," writes F. G. N., "why certain men wear astrachan on the collar and cuffs of their overcoats. It can't possibly be to keep themselves warm. What's the idea?"

Mostly to cover up poverty underneath. I often notice that the shabbier a young man's trousers the more astrachan he wears on his collar and cuffs. I am continually receiving applications from readers for my photograph. Many of them go so far as to offer to pay for it. I am sorry that I cannot oblige these readers. I think, on the whole, that if they have a good opinion of their old Editor's appearance they had better keep it. If they saw his photograph it might give them a shock.

J. O. N.—There are many legends and proverbs about women whistling. One says that every time a woman whistles the heart of the Blessed Virgin bleeds. Another that

A whistling woman and a crowing hen
Are neither good for God or men.

As to whether it is actually unlucky, I cannot tell. In the case of small boys it is. Several of them have been nearly crippled for life for whistling "Bells" and "Bedelia" on press days when I have been searching for those lofty thoughts and fine phrases for which I am so admired. With regard to your second question, whether it is becoming for a woman to whistle, I think it must be. I remember many, many years ago sitting on the sofa with a young woman who tried to whistle, and she got her lips pursed up into such a delicious tangle that I kissed them. There was nothing unlucky about that either for me or the girl, J. O. N.

The Insurance Coupon on this page holds good for any number of insurance claims of £2,000 each under the conditions stated there. If two or more people are killed in an accident to the train in which they are travelling—provided they are ordinary ticket-bearing passengers—then the next-of-kin of each of them is entitled to claim £2,000. In the case of most other papers offering insurance claims it will be found that only the first claim received will be recognized, and that subsequent claims will be disallowed, or £100 only is paid. In this respect *Pearson's Weekly* system of insurance differs from most other systems.

£2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE.
£100 CYCLING

487 Claims already paid, including one of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2,000—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C. 4, to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance-tickets, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the next-of-kin of any person killed by an accident to the train in which he was travelling, provided he was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with post or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage, and who at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode as long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the next-of-kin of any person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of his, or her, being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C. 4, within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any person who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for *PEARSON'S WEEKLY* in advance to their newsmen, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsmen's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3."

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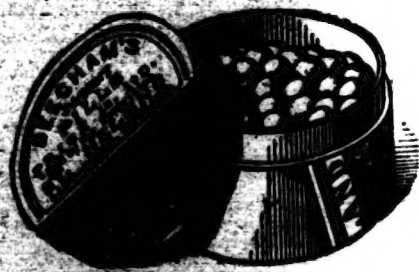
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